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THE REPUBLICAN.

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HUNTER BLED TO DEATH FROM GUNSHOT WOUND

George Shive, of Clarence, Victim of Sad Accident.

BULLET SHATTERED LEG

Young Man Rendered Helpless by Rifle Ball Fired by Unknown Hunter and Expired Before Physician Could Reach Him.

George Shive, aged 19 years, was shot in the leg while hunting in the mountains about ten or twelve miles beyond Clarence Monday afternoon and before medical assistance could be had he bled to death. The shooting was entirely accidental, but just who fired the shot is a matter of more or less mystery.

Shive was a member of the Etters hunting camp, located on the head of Field's run. With his brother Henry Shive, Clair Houser and Lloyd McCartney he had been over to Yost's run during the morning. They were returning to their camp about noon when they came upon a bear track. While following this they struck a deer track and were engaged in following it when the accident occurred. George Shive was a short distance ahead of other members of his party and was tramping through some heavy brush when suddenly there was the report of a rifle fired at close range. The next instant George Shive dropped in his tracks. A rifle ball had crashed into his leg near the knee and taking a downward course tore a gaping wound about six inches below the knee joint.

His companions quickly realized that the wound was a most serious one and Henry Shive undertook to check the bleeding with a handkerchief. McCartney started off on a run for the Etters camp for assistance. The accident happened about 1.30 o'clock. Shive died shortly before 3 o'clock, before assistance could be brought to him from the camp.

The unfortunate young man was a son of E. A. Shive, section foreman for the New York Central Railroad, at Clarence. The body was removed to his father's home on Monday evening. Funeral services will be held Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

A Large Barn Destroyed by Fire.

The large bank barn on the farm of the late Mills Alexander, near Julian, was totally destroyed by fire Friday night between 2 and 3 o'clock. How it originated is a mystery. Thursday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, Jacob Mitchell moved his threshing machine into the barn and had things in shape to go to work early the following morning to thresh the year's crop. The result was that Mr. Mitchell lost his threshing outfit valued at $1000.

The farm was occupied by Carrol Alexander, son of Mills Alexander, and besides the barn he lost the following contents: Six large horses, thirty-six hogs, and nine well-fattened beef cattle, 400 bushels of wheat, 300 bushels of oats, 45 bushels of buckwheat, 60 tons of hay, 30 ton of straw together with all the farming implements, wagons, buggies and harness. He had just built a large silo and had it filled for the winter. The loss is estimated to be between $10,000 and $12,000 with only $1800 insurance on the barn.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Jos. G. Stover, Mary C. Vonada,	Nittany Jacksonville
Francis J. McGowan, Emma M. Shive,	Clarence "
Wm. E. Grove, Sara E. Dixon,	Powelton Edendale
Wm. G. Martin, Clara M. Kerstetter,	Bellefonte State College
Alfred I Sinclair, Mayme V. Bergin,	Snow Shoe " "
Ross C. Fetzer, Edna E. Murray,	Curtin Wingate
Francis J. Voll, Mary Granville,	Fleming "
Geo. I. Fetteroff, Francis V. McClellan,	Centre Hall Spring Mills
Samuel Zacekey, Tessie Dombleski,	Munson "

Morrison—Benner.

At Brookline, Massachusetts, recently Miss Victoria Elizabeth Benner, daughter of Merchant G. O. Benner, of Centre Hall, and Dr. William Reid Morrison, were united in marriage. The groom has been with the British expeditionary force as Captain in the English army since 1916, and hurriedly came to America to claim his bride. Their honeymoon will be spent on the Pacific Coast, after which they will return to Brookline.

WITH FIELD ARTILLERY

Members of Troop L have been Assigned to 107th and 108th Regiments.

Confirmation of the announcement that Troop L, of Bellefonte, had again been broken up was received last Saturday in telegrams from Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Captain H. Laird Curtin telegraphed that with the exception of the commissioned officers the Troop had been divided up between the 107th and 108th Field Artillery regiments. Captain Curtin has been assigned to the 103rd Engineers. Lieutenants Richard Taylor and Claude Smith, it is understood, have been assigned to the 110th Infantry.

With the permanent assignment of the members of the Troop to the Field Artillery there is every likelihood that the Bellefonte boys will in the no distant future be on their way to France. It is unofficially stated that their first move from Camp Hancock will be to the field artillery range at Tobyhanna, near WilkesBarre, for gun practice.

It is possible that a few of the troopers will be assigned to other commands, but the greater number will be with the Field Artillery.

Frank Crissman, formerly a bugler with Troop L, will likely be assigned to the military police.

DIDN'T GET THE DEER

W. O. Bennett s Novel Experience with a Buck in the Seven Mountains.

W. O. Bennett, of Bellefonte, assistant to W. D. Meyer in the State Road department, had an exciting experience Tuesday while hunting for deer in the Seven mountains which has taught him to always have the right kind of shooting material when he goes after large game.

As he traveled through the mountains he came across four or five fine looking does. Finally, through the brush, he spied a large buck. Having nothing but a shot gun he fired in the direction of the fleet-footed animal. He hit his mark but instead of the buck running from him he came toward Mr. Bennett. He shot again, and for the second time the load entered the animal's breast and it fell on its knees. Mr. Bennett never gets buck fever but this was a very trying position to be placed in because a wounded buck is liable to play havoc with the hunter. The deer evidently didn't see Mr. Bennett and the next minute he was up and off, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Mr. Bennett followed it until the trail was lost.

Elks Memorial Service.

Last Sunday afternoon the Elks Lodge of Bellefonte held its annual memorial services in the club house on High Street. The principal speaker of the afternoon was Rev. M. DeP Maynard, pastor of the St. John's Episcopal church, of Bellefonte, who made quite an interesting address and all who heard it were deeply impressed. During the year two of their number passed away and, of course, several of the chairs were draped. Judge Ellis L. Orvis spoke words of cheer and comfort as he related the character of the late Thomas A. Shoemaker whose life was spent in doing good to others. Samuel Gettig paid a high tribute to the late W. H. Walker who at one time worked for the Bellefonte Engineering Co., also to James Toner.

Holliwell—Rankin.

On Tuesday, August 14th, 1917, John Holliwell, of Ocean City, N. J., and Miss Elsie M. Rankin, daughter of William B. Rankin, of Bellefonte, were united in marriage at Oneida, N. Y. The reason assigned for not making the wedding known at the time was that the bride, as a trained nurse, was doing war work that she could not have done under other circumstances. She is a bright and intelligent young lady and her friends will be glad to hear of her marriage. The groom is a member of the medical corps at Syracuse, N. Y. It is expected that within a short time the Mr. and Mrs. Holliwell will be in Bellefonte on a short visit.

Local Missionary Meeting.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church will hold its regular monthly meeting on Friday afternoon, December 7th, at 3.30 o'clock. An informal tea will follow the program in honor of Miss Eleanore W. Maconaghie, a returned missionary from India, who will speak of her work during the meeting. The women of the congregation are urged to be present.

War Stamps Necessary.

December 1st was the date set for the use of revenue stamps on all notes and other documents prescribed by the revenue act. For the convenience of the public these stamps will be on sale at the post office in all parts of the country.

KILLED DOE WITH HORN AND ESCAPED $100 FINE

Visiting Hunter Exonerated After Shooting Freak Deer.

GAVE IT TO HOSPITAL

Presented Choice Venison to Patients Although Awarded Possession of Deer by State Game Secretary Kalbfus, of Harrisburg.

Hall Millard, of Anneville, a member of a hunting camp located near Colyer in the Seven Mountains, on Monday shot a deer that proved to be something of a freak. Examination of the deer revealed that it was a doe, but that it had a well developed single prong horn. Hunters say that occasionally a freak of this type is encountered, but to the public who viewed the doe hanging at the Beezer meat market, in Bellefonte, the deer was an object of no little curiosity.

H. M. Hartz, of Palmyra, is captain of the crew at the hunting camp of which Mr. Millard is a member. A large buck was shot on Saturday and is now hanging at the camp. Monday Mr. Millard encountered what he had every reason to believe was a spike buck and a well-placed shot brought it down. To his surprise he found on going to the deer that it was a doe, although it had a well developed horn. A part of the horn had been broken off on the rocks where the deer had fallen, but there still remained two inches or more.

Appreciating that he possibly was guilty of a technical violation of the law Mr. Millard at once notified District Attorney Furst and explained the circumstances, adding that the deer had been shipped to Bellefonte to be turned over to the local hospital. The circumstances were so unusual that District Attorney Furst telephoned the details to Secretary Kalbfus, of the State Game Commission, at Harrisburg. The latter promptly exonerated Mr. Millard and directed that he be given possession of the deer. Mr. Millard graciously refused to keep the deer and insisted that it be sent to the hospital and expressed the hope that the patients there would enjoy a venison dinner.

Early reports from the numerous camps indicate that the present season will prove remarkably successful for deer hunters. The Seven Mountains has probably the largest number of hunters in camp ever known even for that celebrated deer section. The Decker crew landed a fine buck on Saturday, the opening day of the season. The Bradford party have three bucks hanging. The Pleasant Gap crowd have five nice bucks as trophies. The State College party have three bucks. The Slack crew have two bucks. Logan M. Decker and party camping in Decker valley, succeeded in securing four good sized deer, one of them being five-pronged.

Wagner—Hunter.

William Wagner and Miss Bertha Hunter were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hunter, Stormstown, on Wednesday evening of last week at 9 o'clock by Rev. Babcock, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, with the impressive ring ceremony. They were attended by Miss Ruth Miller, a student at Birmingham Seminary and Mr. James Hunter, brother of the bride. Following congratulations an excellent wedding dinner was served. The bride is one of Stormstown's estimable young momen. For the past year she was a clerk in Lippman's jewelry store at Altoona. The groom holds a responsible position with the Jewel Tea company at Altoona. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Cougan, Mrs. Bon Matter, Miss Ruth Price and Miss M. Cougan, of Altoona; Mr. Gilbert White, of Half Moon valley, and Miss Ruth Miller, of WarriorsMark.

Big Engine off the Track.

Friday evening, about 6 o'clock, a large locomotive known to railroad men as a "Lollypop" type came to Bellefonte for a car of stock. While passing the watch box, on High street, a rail broke and the majority of the wheels on the large engine went on the ties. The yard engine was brought from the round house and switched to it to pull it on the track but it did about as much good as if it had tried to move Half Moon Hill. The only solution was to send to Tyrone for the work train which reached here about 9 o'clock. The men worked until 12 o'clock before they put it back on the track. The engine was one of the largest in use by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and weighed about 165 tons.

MEETING OF COUNCIL

J. R. Hughes, Principal of the Academy, Asked for an Alley Near His Building.

Monday evening the Bellefonte Council held its regular meeting with President Walker in the chair. James R. Hughes, principal of the Bellefonte Academy, made a strong plea that Council assist in giving him some way from his property to "Stoney Battery" so he could remove ashes from his steam plant in the rear of the Academy buildings. He has been compelled to encroach on the property of Nathan Miller—the blacksmith. To this end he asked Council to declare an alley out over the east end of the Miller property. Edmund Blanchard, one of the trustees of the Friends Meeting House, stated that such an alley would also be a benefit to them in getting in coal and taking out ashes. The question was left to the chairman of the Street Committee, the solicitor and the supervisor to report to the next meeting.

William Steele, Jr., on behalf of the W. L. Steele estate, asked to be exonerated from water taxes for two houses and a shop on Pine street that have not been occupied for a year and a half. The matter was referred to the Water Committee. Clerk Kelley read a communication from the American Defense Society requesting Council to place in the hands of some competent person a petition to be signed by the people of Bellefonte and vicinity asking Congress to pass a stringent law against all kinds of Pro-Germanism in this country. The matter was left in the hands of the solicitor. Hard Harris, chairman of the Street Committee, reported progress to improvements of North Water and Pine Streets. New plank has been purchased for the Lamb Street bridge and are being put down over the old plank, making a better and a stronger job. The plank cost $200. Mr. Seibert, chairman of the Water Committee, stated that the ditch had been dug and a three inch pipe laid from Pine Street to the end of the borough line for the benefit of the Titan Metal Co. He suggested that checks paid over for 1917 water tax be placed in the hands of Treasurer Gherret and thus let the money go into the borough treasury. The money is needed.

The solicitor's opinion was that this would be the proper way to do. Then the old question was raise as to whether the State-Centre Electric Company was fulfilling its contract with the borough. Quite a number of the company's bills have been held over during the past year because Council claims that they have not lived up to the contract by refusing to deduct from these bills a certain amount for lights that have been out a part of the time. The company claims that they were not notified promptly and therefore were not responsible. On the other hand Council claims that every night at 6 o'clock the business place of the company is closed and thus it is impossible to notify them at the right time.

Mr. Harris said he was in favor of not paying the bills until the company would consent to the reductions according to the contract. The matter was left in the hands of the clerk and solicitor to go over the bills and make the necessary adjustment and then submit it to Council. The next question was the collecting of the water rents that have been left go by default since last May. Mr. Kelly reported that he had offered the duplicates to Mr. Musser, assistant manager of the State Centre company, and that he refused to take them, stating that until Council lived up to its side of the contract the company would have nothing to do with it. At a joint meeting of the special committee and the officers of the company it was agreed that if Council would make the needed repairs to the Pheonix Mill property and the large pump they wovld accept the duplicates. Council ordered the repairs at a cost of $400 and Monday night Mr. Kelley was instructed to take the duplicates to Mr. Musser and leave them with him. Hundreds of dollars are being lost on account of water meters that are out of order. The man who recently came to Bellefonte and made an examination of the pump charged $81. Dr. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance Committee, reported that on December 1st there as $4533.97 in the borough treasury and all the floating notes were paid. It was ordered that $2000 be placed in the sinking fund, which is an annual custom.

Harry Flack, chairman of the Fire and Police Committee, requested Council to appropriate $125 for the yearly interest on money borrowed by the Undine Steamer Company. It was ordered done. The other day the gentleman who runs the borough steam roller was taking it out to the new building of the Titan Metal Co's operation and when on High Street he run it onto the pavement in front of the Garman property to avoid coming in contact with a horse and buggy. The result was the pavement was torn up a little and it will be repaired in the spring.

QUESTIONNAIRE COVERS ALL WHO WERE DRAFTED

New System Recalls Every Man Recently Exempted.

LABOR IF NOT IN ARMY

Single Men Come First in Selecting Next Army—Others Exempted Because They have Dependents to be Assigned Employment.

Distribution of the newly prepared questionnaires for all drafted men not already in service will be begun in Centre County on December 15th and continued daily until each man has been provided with a blank. It is expected that the last group of Centre County's quota for the first national army will be ordered sent to Camp Meade before the questionnaires are distributed.

For the information of those not familiar with the questionnaire it should be explained that it is a recently printed blank form that must be filled out by each man registered and drafted for military service and not actually in service at the time the blanks are mailed. In other words, each man whether exempted or rejected for physical causes, or any other reason, again becomes subject to call. He may not be assigned to serve in a military company, but given something to do for which he appears to be qualified. Some may be given clerical or other work in various branches of government service, while others will be ordered to report to munition or other plants to work and thereby aid toward reducing the labor sbortage. Still others may be assigned to farms to make up the shortage in farm labor, particularly during the harvest period. Where men are assigned to labor in factories or on the farm they will be paid the prevailing wages for such lines of work, it is stated. Just wh-t work a man is to do will not be known by him until he is formally notified by the government.

The questionnaire is a very complex form of blank to be filled out and it is the suggestion of the government officials that each man appear before the duly constituted lawyers advisory board of his respective county for advice and guidance in writing down answers to the numerous questions proposed. There will be such a lawyers board appointed in Centre County in the next few days, and any man receiving a questionnaire will be privileged to go before this board for advice, which must be furnished free of charge. The lawyers will receive no compensation from the government for their services. There will also be a medical board appointed for Centre County, to be made up of local physicians who shall serve without compensation. Any drafted man who is dissatisfied with the result of his physical examination by the local Exemption Board will be privileged to appeal to the medical board for re-examination, which shall be free of charge.

The purpose of the questionnaire is to arrange a more simplified system for the next drafted army when the same is called for, which may be early in the spring. Under the questionnaire system the blanks, once they are filled out, will be classified into several groups. The first group will represent all unmarried men, and they shall be the first to be subject to call for service in the army regardless of the order in which they may appear by number in the original list of draft numbers. Men with dependents will be classified into a separate group. This class will then be taken up for consideration for assignment to work where their services are deemed most necessary, such as munition plants, ship yards, coal mines, coal yards, etc. Men physically unable to withstand the rigors of life in the army and yet able to render clerical or other similar service, will be given work for which they are fitted.

Each questionnaire must be filled out and returned within seven days after it is received by the drafted man. He may fill out the blank without personally appearing before the lawyers advisory board, but because of the important bearing the character of his replies to questions will have upon his liability for service each man is strongly urged to avail himself of the opportunity offered and thereby guard against errors and misunderstandings.

To Cut Big Timber Tract.

P. B. Crider & Son, of Bellefonte, on Monday closed a contract with Harry Walker & Bro., of Barree, whereby the latter are to cut the timber on the Crider tract extending from below Howard to Eagleville. It is estimated that it will take three years to cut the timber.

ALFRED WENDT ELECTROCUTED

He Went to the Chair Calm But on His Lips was a Prayer for Mercy.

Monday morning Frank Alfred Wendt, of Altoona, slayer of Constable Michael McGinley, of that city, on October 13th, 1915, paid the penalty of his crime in the Death House at the Rockview penitentiary, near Bellefonte. There was no whimpering or confession, and after he had been strapped to the chair a smile altered his countenance. As the 2000 volts of electricity began to seal away his life he uttered a prayer for mercy. At 7:03 the inital current shot through the death chair, and five others came in steady machine-like succession, until at 7:10 o'clock the prison physician declared Wendt dead.

He had risen at 5:55 a. m. A breakfast, including beefsteak, potatoes, hot biscuit and coffee was taken to the little cell, only a few paces from where he later paid the penalty for his crime.

Wendt was restless. The nervous tension of the previous forty eight hours, palled upon him. He slept fairly well Sunday night and the dainty breakfast won slight attention from him. He nibbled at the bread and biscuits, pushing aside the steak. Soon the prison chaplain, Rev. J. C. Young, appeared and spent the intervening minutes with the doomed prisoner. The latter prayed with the clergyman and the two remained in constant worship until the deputy warden and five overseers appeared to escort Wendt to the death house.

He was the son of William and Hannah Wendt and aged 23 years. Official witnesses included P. J. McDonnell, Unionville; D. H. Austin and J. C. Mauk, both of Pleasant Gap; Dr. Walter J. Kurtz, Howard; H. S. Reifsnyder, Howard M. Sell, Constable H. L. Gill, Karl S. Isenberg and Lieutenant of Police B. F. Miller, all of Altoona.

After the body was removed from the chair it was placed upon a surgeon's truck and taken to the morgue, where the usual autopsy was performed under the direction of the prison physician. Wendt's clothing was burned by the current in several places, the cuff of the knee being slightly scorched. No other marks, save a small scar on the forehead, were found on the body.

Funeral Director Otto Gilden of Altoona, was authorized by the Wendt family to take the dead youth home. The body arrived Monday evening and the funeral was held Tuesday morning.

High School Red Letter Day.

Thanksgiving was properly observed by having special services in all of the churches in the morning. To the credit of the people of the town these services were all well attended.

The afternoon proved a "Red Letter" occasion for the foot ball team of the Bellefonte High School. The team played the High School team of Lock Haven, the visitors coming by special train. The team was accompanied by the very best citizens of the town, demonstrating that the people in Lock Haven appreciated the work of a good team whether it comes from the High School or Normal School. Shortly after the special train arrived there was a parade headed by a young lady carrying the contested cup. The Nyppon Club band, of sixty-five members, with uniforms of red coats, blue pantaloons and white striped caps, the pride of Lock Haven, followed. The musicians were cheered all along the way. In the Lock Haven ranks could be found lawyers, doctors, postmasters, the judge of the court, besides about two hundred and fifty students.

The Bellefonte High School also made an elaborate showing. Frank Wetzler, of Milesburg, was there in all his glory with the Girls and Boys bands. All along the route the boys and girls received quite an ovation. Following them came the students of the High School carrying penants and flags. The entire demonstration was werth seeing.

The game took place on the Hughes athletic field and was attended by the largest crowd that ever witnessed any kind of a game here. Each team played its best so that everybody seemed well pleased. The sad feature was that the local team went down to defeat by a score of 19—0. The receipts of the game more than offset the defeat as they were $475.75. The guarantee was $45.00.

Two Fingers Amputated.

Leroy Spicer, son of Robert Spicer, of Bellefonte, had the misfortune of getting his hand injured Saturday morning while working at the pointing machine at the Titan Metal Co's plant near Milesburg. He was taken to the hospital where it was found necessary to amputate his first and third finger on the left hand. He was taken home Sunday and is getting along as well as can be expected.

Advertise in "The Republican."

SENT TO PENITENTIARY

Edward Emil and Joseph Kubina Taken to Pittsburgh by Sheriff Yarnell.

Edward Emil and Joseph Kubina were taken to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh on Monday by Sheriff Yarnell. Emil last Friday entered a plea of guilty to a charge of highway robbery and was sentenced by Judge Quigley to a term of one to two years. Knbina entered a plea of guilty to a charge of involuntary manslaughter and was sentenced to a term of two to three years. Kubina, it was charged, caused the death of Mrs. Mary Mosser, of near Osceola, by striking her with an iron water dipper. When arrested he declared that he had no knowledge that the blow had done her any serious injury. In view of the fact that he was willing to plead guilty and thereby save the county the expense of a trial in court, together with the large element of doubt surrounding the real cause of the woman's death, Kubina was given a minimum sentence.

Newton Whippo, charged with purchasing whiskey for persons of known intemperate habits, was let off with a suspended sentence and payment of costs. He promised Judge Quigley to be more careful in the future. William Hunt, colored, charged with assault and battery, also had sentence suspended, but was directed to pay the costs of prosecution.

Good Work Done by Red Cross.

Last week brief mention was made of the number of knitted articles that have been sent from here by the Red Cross, and it was the purpose to publish the names of all those who have done knitting and the articles contributed, but the list is so long that it will have to be omitted and only mention made of the different articles made by the Chapter and its Auxiliaries. However the complete list will be posted on the bulletin board at the Red Cross rooms in Petrikin Hall where it can be seen by every one visiting the rooms.

This work was all done under the supervision of Miss Lyda Morris, who is Chairman of the Knitting Department, and to her and the women whose names appear on the list should be given thanks by the men when they receive the good warm things sent to them. Following is a list of articles knitted by the women of Bellefonte and our Auxiliaries:—

	Sweaters	Scarfs	Wristlets
Bellefonte	148	152	83 prs.
Aaronsburg		1	10 "
Boalsburg	3	2	33 "
Fleming	6	6	6 "
Howard	4	4	16 "
Hublersburg	3	3	3 "
Julian	2	1	5 "
Milesburg	6	7	8 "
Blanchard	5	3	6 "
Pleasant Gap	3	7	2 "
Port Matilda	6	10	12 "
Rebersburg	7	2	8 "
Yarnell		1	3 "
Zion	7	1	5 "
Total	200	200	200

Christmas Boxes on Their Way.

The Community Christmas boxes that were solicited by the Woman's Club, of Bellefonte are on their way to Troop L, at Camp Hancock in care of Capt. H. Laird Curtin. Seven large shipping boxes, in the do-your-bit-spirit, were contributed by Lauderbach-Zerby & Co. They contained 151 boxes nicely wrapped and labeled in true Christmas style. Their contents were selected from lists suggested for the soldiers many however contained additional gifts.

Every soldier will receive a box addressed in his own name. Three extra boxes were marked "For the soldiers whose names do not occur on the Roster." The solicitors spent a busy afternoon Friday at the home of Mrs. John S. Walker, president of the Woman's Club, packing, listing and labeling the boxes. The thirteen extra boxes—"left over" will be sent to the Bellefonte Conscriptmen. The boxes weighing 1057 pounds were sent by express, the charges being generously and patriotically met by the Order of Elks.

Publicity Committee Woman's Club.

A Great Industry.

The Clearfield Republican says that the Nickel Alloys Company, operating the Hyde City plant is now fully equiped, and is manufacturing and shipping the finest product as fast as it can be turned out.

Dr. C. T. Henning, president of the company and inventor of the several grades of steel, alloy steel and other high grade iron which is now so much sought in the iron and steel industry, is justly pleased over the reports received regarding the tests to which the product has been subjected by a large number of the steel companies of the country.

Today the mill is equipped to turn out the finest grades of nickel alloy products and the orders on hand are sufficient to keep the plant running full capacity for a long time to come.

Red Cross Drive.

During the week beginning December 17th, and ending Christmas eve, the American Red Cross will conduct a Christmas Membership drive for three million new members. This is a great undertaking, but if every one does his or her bit, it can be accomplished. Let us keep Christmas this year by keeping up the Red Cross.

County Grange Officers.

The Centre Hall Reporter says: The Centre County Pomona Grange held its biennial session in Grange Arcadia, Centre Hall, recently. The session was one of unusual interest and brought together members of the organization from many parts of the county.

The death of Hon. Leonard Rhone, who was chairman of the Grange Encampment and Fair committee and the general manager of the enterprise since its organization forty-four years ago, necessitated the election of a new committeeman. When the question was opened it was decided to increase the committee from five to seven members, and this was done by electing Miss Florence Rhone and David K. Keller, of Progress Grange, and Prof. R. L. Watts, of Penn State Grange, Dean of the Agricultural Department of Penn State, all of whom have been members of the organization for a number of years. The committee as now constituted is as follows: C. R. Neff, George Gingerich, D. L. Bartges, John S. Dale, Miss Florence Rhone, David K. Keller, Dean R. L. Watts.

The officers of Pomona Grange elected are as follows:

Worthy Master, C. R. Neff.
Overseer, John Grove.
Lecturer, R. H. Olmstead.
Steward, George W. Gingerich.
Asst. Steward, Ray Durst.
Chaplain, Mrs. D. A. Grove.
Treasurer, Jacob Sharer.
Secretary, S. W. Smith.
Gate Keeper, Hugh Ralston.
Pomona, Mrs. D. W. Bradford.
Flora, Mrs. W. F. Rishel.
Ceres, Mrs. H. H. Laird.
Lady Asst. Steward, Vida Corl.

Directors to the Patrons Rural Telephone company, S. W. Smith, John S. Dale, A. W. Dale, A. C. Grove, D. K. Keller.

Auditor of Centre County Fire Insurance Company, M. A. Sankey.

Spreading Smallpox Germs.

For the last ten days smallpox in the mining regions of Centre and Clearfield counties has been spreading at an alarming rate. This is especially so in Clearfield county. There is a strong belief that the trouble is being caused by German agents who are going through the mining districts spreading germs of smallpox among the miners for the purpose of interfering with the output of bituminous coal, and in hopes of locating something definite along this line, the health authorities are doubling their efforts to find the real source of the contagion.

The spread of the disease in various parts of Clearfield county was responsible for a hurried meeting last Thursday afternoon of the county commissioners, the borough officials and the doctors and health officers, at which Dr. H. L. Hull, of Harrisburg, was the principal speaker. During his talk he urged the immediate building of a proper hospital for the handling of smallpox and other contagious diseases. No time was lost in the matter, and the county commissioners at once directed the building of such a place.

Pittsburgh Defeats State.

Defeating Pennsylvania State College 28 to 6 at Pittsburgh last Thursday in the annual Thanksgiving game between the two teams, the University of Pittsburgh completed its third consecutive season without a defeat on the gridiron. With nine victories this season, including defeats of the University of Pennsylvania, Washington and Jefferson, and Syracuse, the panther eleven is able to lay claim to the football championship of the east.

Pennsylvania State, though out-weighed and matched against a more experienced team, fought back the Pitt line smashes and end runs with determination. Using a double and triple pass that mystified Coach Warner's men, the eastern Pennsylvanians assumed the offensive in the second period and scored a touchdown by use of a triple pass, Gross to Rauch to Way to Czarnecki. Conover failed at the try for goal.

Infectious Diseases.

Infectious diseases that can be controlled by proper management are causing annual losses of more than $200,000,000 to the livestock industry of this country, according to Dr. I. D. Wilson, veterinarian at the Pennsylvania State College.

Dr. Wilson in an appeal to the American farmers today urged them to control these ravaging diseases and to produce more and better livestock so that after the war there will be no "animal bankruptcy." He estimates that in France and England there has been a decrease of 8,000,000 head of cattle, 7,000,000 hogs and 17,500,000 sheep since the war began.

During the last fifteen years, he said, there has been a falling off of 6,000,000 head of beef animals and 11,000,000 sheep, while the number of hogs has increased 11,000,000.

Clearfield Hotel to Quit.

Another licensed hotel is booked to go out of business in this county within the next six months. A deal was closed Friday by which a 5 and 10 cent store company leased the hotel property in which is located the Witmer Inn and a restaurant. At one time this was one of the most popular hotels in the town.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

By Dictation

By S. Paquin

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

There come moments in the life of every man when he stops and thinks. This does not mean merely that he gives careful attention to some problem of the hour, but that he takes a serious view of life as a whole; surveys it; analyzes it; tries to riddle its meaning.

Such a moment had come to Harry Merton. Really there was cause for him to view life with satisfaction, but a close study of his face would have told any keen observer that he was not altogether satisfied. The day marked an epoch in his life—one on which his friends were dropping in now and then to congratulate him—for he had just been promoted to the position of general manager of the Western Star Fire and Insurance company, a concern in which he had climbed up from a start as office boy 15 years before.

But as he viewed his progress in retrospect, his mind ran on something like this:

"Yes, I have done it. I have reaped the success I set out to win, but what does it amount to after all? It has been a long fight, and I have sacrificed a great deal to win it. Perhaps I have sacrificed too much. When I began as a messenger boy Jim Perkins had the start of me by a year. I have often smiled up my sleeves at Jim since I began to climb up past him. First special agent, then general agent, and now general manager, and poor old Jim is still at his desk as a clerk. But I reckon Jim is happier than I am for all that. I thought so yesterday when his wife came in with that pretty boy of theirs, just to see papa's new desk in the new office. Somehow, it made me feel as if I were missing something that a man needs to make his life complete."

Then Merton's line of thought was interrupted. He had been standing beside his desk with his hands crossed under his coat-tails, watching the sign-writer who was putting gold letters on the windows of the company's handsome new offices. The sign-writer was marking the glass in letters bigger than those that spelled the company's name—"Henry Merton, General Manager."

"Here, my good fellow, that won't do," said Merton, stepping forward to the man's side."

"How will you have it, sir?"

"Just put that name in small letters and a little off at one side," said Merton quietly. "It will look better."

That was just like Henry Merton. Few men in the business had more reason to pride themselves on the attainment of marked success, for he had made his way in the world unaided. But there wasn't a grain of vanity in him. He was a modest, subdued, unassuming sort of a man. One would guess it by looking at him. He was tall, shapely, handsome; but it was plainly to be seen that he was oblivious to his own comeliness as a man. Vanity can be seen more readily in a man than in a woman.

This over, Merton began thinking again, his thoughts taking a new tangent, and one that surprised him.

"I wonder if ambition is a selfish thing? I've done well enough in a business way, and have no one to thank for it but myself; but how many people are there who have anything to thank me for? There's Miss Travers, who is the best stenographer I ever had in my office. She does more good in a month than I've done in fourteen years. She doesn't know that I know it, but the reason I raised her salary last month was because I overheard one of the other stenographers say she was supporting her younger brother in college. She's a fine girl, too. It's a wonder some man doesn't marry that girl."

Then Henry Merton whistled as if to himself—a long, low whistle. The very thought of some other man marrying Alice Travers had made him clinch his fists, but till that minute he had never thought of marrying her himself, or of marrying any other woman, for that matter.

In the next room Alice Travers, who had just finished transcribing a lot of letters Mr. Merton had dictated to her in the morning, was writing a letter to her brother in college. Strangely enough, it was full of Henry Merton. It said:

"Dear Ted: You'll excuse me, I know, for writing to you on a typewriter; I can do it so much quicker and easier this way. We have just moved into the new offices and I am finely fixed. Mr. Merton has given me a nice little room to work in, all to myself, and I have nothing to do now but attend to his correspondence, which is quite enough, since he came to be general manager. Really, he doesn't seem to have the swelled head a bit on account of it, and he's quite a young man, too; not more than twenty-nine or thirty, I should say. He hardly looks happy, even.

"He has been very kind to me, and raised my salary last month, though I didn't ask him to. That's why I send $30 this month instead of $25, and now I can do it every month. I like to work for him. He treats me more courteously than any man I ever worked for before. He has never called me by my first name, but always Miss Travers, and instead of telling me to do this and to do that, he always acts as if he were asking a favor when he has work for me to do.

"He seems a lonesome sort of man. I often wonder how he lives and what he does to enjoy himself—if he ever does enjoy himself. He is a hard worker and men admire him. I don't known whether he's married or not, but I don't believe he is, for no woman ever comes to see him at the office.

"But there; you'll know him probably some day. At least I want you to, when you get ready to go into business, for there's no man I would rather have you take for a pattern than Mr. Merton.

"Let me know how you are getting along, save what you can, for you will need a little to go on when you get through college in June. Write soon.

"Lovingly, Alice."

Henry Merton was not a man to delay matters. With him, a problem no sooner presented itself than he set about to solve it, and a decision to do a certain thing was always followed at once with the doing. While he listened to the click of Miss Travers' typewriter, which to him was music for a reason he had not realized before, he had reached an important decision—the most important of his life thus far—and he set about putting it into effect in a way that was thoroughly characteristic of the man.

He went into Miss Travers' room and seated himself in a chair he always occupied when dictating letters. He did not as some business men would have done, call her to his desk to take notes on a sliding shelf with no place to rest her arm.

"Miss Travers," he said, and she noticed a queer sound in his voice, "will you please take a letter for me—a letter to my mother."

"At last," thought Miss Travers, "I am to know something about Mr. Merton. I never knew before whether he had a mother."

"You need not mind to take notes," said Mr. Merton. "Just take it on the machine, for I shall not dictate rapidly. Are you ready?"

"Dear Mother: I have been so busy lately that I have had little time to write you, and now what I have to say will surprise you; perhaps pain you a little at first. Ever since I left home and came to this smoky, noisy town, you have been the only woman in the world who has really known me, or anything about me; and now I am going to get married—"

"Pardon me," said Miss Travers, with a slight blush. She had written the last word "marrdie" and had stopped to erase the last three letters and write them over. It was an unheard-of thing for Alice Travers to make a mistake. With no sign of annoyance Merton went on:

"Though no woman knows me, I know a woman, and one whom I am sure you will approve as a daughter. First of all, she is a lady. I do not know her people, but I am sure from her manner and character that they must be most admirable persons. I am not a judge of woman's beauty, but I do not think you would call her a pretty girl. She is something better than that. There is a womanly dignity and sweetness about her that gives her a charm far greater than mere beauty. She is not a girl, really, but a woman—a gentle, true, sweet woman.

"One thing I know you will like about her. She has a younger brother in college, and every month she sends him a generous part of her earnings, so that he may educate himself. But you shall know her soon. As soon as we are married you must come and visit us. There will be no occasion for you to be jealous, mother. She will welcome you, I am sure.

"Her name, I have forgotten to tell you. Her name is Alice Travers—"

There was another pause here; but this time Alice Travers did not blush, but trembled slightly and turned a little pale. Then Merton went on:

"I have just asked her to be my wife, and she has answered—"

Here Merton rose quietly and stood beside the woman he had loved for weeks, but had not known it. She sat with fingers posed over the keys, as if waiting for him to finish the dictation.

"When you have finished the letter, Miss Travers," he said, "please bring it to me and I will sign it."

The minutes of silence seemed to Henry Merton like hours, as he waited in the next room for an answer. Then it came—four sharp clicks on the typewriter—y—e—s and a period.

There was a suspicion of moisture in his eyes and a warmth of something more than courtesy in his voice, when a moment later he looked up and said for the first time. "I thank you, Alice." Before it had always been: "I thank you, Miss Travers."

Three weeks later the men who had been accustomed to dine with Merton and play billiards with him at his club, after trying in vain for days to account for his absence, found the solution in a line in the list of marriage licenses in an afternoon paper. It read:

Henry Merton-Alice Travers..20-24.

Answering Her.

"Dear me, that was terrible. Man fell overboard in midocean the other day, and never was seen again!" said Hicks.

"Drowned?" asked Mrs. Hicks hysterically.

"Oh, no, of course not!" said Hicks irritably. "Sprained his ankle probably!"

Garman Opera House

Monday, December 10th.

THE LA SALLE COMPANY'S

Supreme Musical Comedy

"Step Lively"

ALL FUN, MUSIC AND PRETTY GIRLS

35 People 35 22 Song Hits 22

Smartest and Brightest of Musical Comedies

WITH BILLY HOUSE AND BILLY WYSE

And The Most Beautiful Chorus In America

20 DAINTY DANCING PRANCING DASHING GIRLS 20

PRICES--35c-50c-75c-$1.00--CHILDREN 25c.

BACKACHE IS A WARNING

Bellefonte People Should not Neglect Their Kidneys.

Backache is often nature's most frequent signal of weakened kidneys. To cure the pains and aches, to remove the lameness when it arises from weakened kidneys, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. If you have pain through the small of your back, bladder disorders, headaches, dizzy spells, or are nervous and depressed, start treating the kidneys with a tested kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been proved good and are especially for weak kidneys. Doan's have been used in kidney trouble for over 50 years. Read this Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., says: "I suffered from backache and severe pains across my loins. I also had headaches and dizzy spells, when I got up in the morning. Bladder disorders caused me a lot of annoyance. My attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills and I began taking them, getting my supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. One box removed the backache and relieved me of the other trouble from my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me a lot and I always have a good word for them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Thal had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

Martin Luther Wagenseller Dead.

Martin Luther Wagenseller, a former resident of Selinsgrove, and for many years the traveling representative of the Artman-Treichler company, of Philadelphia, died at the Masonic Home, Elizabethtown, recently and was buried at Selinsgrove. Mr. Wagenseller visited the merchants of Bellefonte and vicinity for many years up to within a few years ago, and is kindly remembered by a host of friends.

Seaman Shoots Himself.

Because he overstayed his furlough and feared the guard house, Ralph Funk, 30 years old, of Waynesboro, shot himself through the brain late Friday. He died instantly. Funk was a seaman on a transport and was to have returned several days ago. He had made several trips to France.

Apply for Your Tags.

The Automobile Division of the State Highway department has already received more than 5,100 applications for 1918 motor vehicle registrations and licenses, the moneys therefrom totaling $40,835.

State Highway Commissioner J. Denny O'Neil is urging all motor vehicle owners and operators to apply early for their 1918 registrations and license tags, as all motor vehicles must carry 1918 tags on January 1.

The name—Doan's inspires confidence—Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney ills. Doan's Ointment for skin itching. Doan's Regulets for a mild laxative. Sold at all drug stores.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

Sufferers with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatoid Arthritis or Gout, no matter how severe your case is, write for my FREE book, Frederick Dugdale, M. D., Dept. M. S., 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

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206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

Ask for a copy of our **Complete Travel Guide**

It will assist you to plan your **Vacation Itinerary**

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CONFIDENCE

Confidence is necessarily the foundation of all hopes and plans for the future.

The aim of this bank is to so efficiently handle every account, large or small, as must win and hold the fullest confidence of each patron.

Open an account today.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Miss Todd's Mistake

By Clement E. Rushton

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Snub-nosed!"

"Freckled!"

"And homely as sin!"

"But we must pamper and coddle this dear ancient lady of ours on account of the shekels."

Miss Tabitha Todd gasped. Her hand fell away. She made a dash for the heartless tell-tale phonograph and shut it off.

"Outrageous!" she almost shrieked.

"Abominable!" she added and went to the mirror and surveyed herself. Yes, she was snub-nosed, and yes, she was freckled. As to her homeliness there was no question. Her faded old eyes filled with tears and her lips puckered.

"It isn't that I am that," she breathed brokenly. "It's the heartlessness of it, 'after my shekels!' Willis, whom I loved as an own son! Clara, who was to be a joint heiress! A shallow, faithless, undeserving pair of wretched schemers. Well, I am warned in time, thank goodness!"

It had all come about through her nephew, Willis Rand, and his wife, Clara, whose guest she was, leaving her alone in the house that morning. They had treated Aunt Tabitha like an own mother. So far her week's visit had attached her more than ever to this happy-spirited young couple, who, in the absence of any very material wealth, seemed to live and thrive on love and kisses.

Miss Todd bustled from the room, to reappear ten minutes later ready for the street, suitcase in hand. She proceeded to remove the wretched record from the instrument. She replaced it where she had accidently discovered it, way upon the plate rail. She loved the phonograph, but had tired of those so often played records in the cabinet and had resolved to try this old one to while the time away.

"There!" she voiced tartly. "They shall never know how their perfidy came to be exposed."

Then Miss Tabitha Todd scrawled a few lines on a sheet of paper, left it on the table and flounced from that treacherous roof, on fire with indignation and resentment.

It was four hours later when Willis and Clara returned. Willis was first to discover the note. "What in the name of wonder does this mean?" he ejaculated, and both, petrified, read:

"Do not ever speak to me, write to me, or even think of me again."

"Why!" gasped Clara.

"What," cried Willis. "Oh, Aunt Tabitha has gone crazy!" He rushed upstairs, to find her belongings gone. Then he hurried to the nearest telegraph office and indited a wire to the home of their missing relative.

"Anxious. Clara worried to death. What has happened?" the telegram ran, but there came no reply.

Clara wrote the next day, but the letter, unopened and enclosed in another envelope, came back. Willis called up Aunt Tabitha on the long-distance telephone, but as soon as his voice was recognized the irate old maid hung up the receiver.

"It's no use," Willis told Clara finally. "She has taken some perverse kink and won't be conciliated."

Miss Todd passed a desolate year in her lonely village home. Many a time a longing thought to see her discarded relatives intruded on her mind, but she banished it resolutely. She took in several cats as pets, superseded them with canine favorites, then in turn with canary birds and began to develop fads and eccentricities that aged and soured her.

One day Miss Todd was compelled to go to the city on business. She sighed drearily as she recalled the warm greetings a certain home had once held for her. She transacted her business and had to put in the afternoon as best she could, for there was no home train until late afternoon.

Finally she paused to read a billboard in front of a little bijou of a theater. It announced that "the English players" were to give a matinee that afternoon, program "the sterling old standard drama, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' preceded by the equally ancient, but famous skit, 'The Biter Bit.'" Miss Todd entered the theater.

The curtain rose. She was only indifferently interested, she fancied, but her mind aroused mightily as the curtain rolled up and a stage dressing room was the scene. A faded, bedizened queen of tragedy, powdered, roughed and furbelowed, was going on in her part and her obsequious maid and her husband were hypocritically flattering her as to her beauty and ability. But as she left them; behind her back they derided her through gestures and grimaces. Then, the instant the door closed after the actress, the following colloquy ensued:

"Snub-nosed!"

"And freckled!"

"Homely as sin!"

"But we must pamper and coddle this dear ancient lady of ours on account of the shekels."

Miss Todd came upright with a shock. Why! those were the very words of the phonograph. Then—then— She breathed and thought fast. Enlightenment began to stream into her mind. She arose from her seat and went out into the lobby. She walked up to the main usher.

"Will you tell me, sir," she began—"the drama they are playing. Is it very old?"

"Very old, Miss," bowed the profuse usher.

"As—as old as I am?"

"Over twenty, you mean," propounded the politic usher. "Yes, indeed, Miss, it was written over two hundred years ago. It is a great favorite with amateurs, school exhibitions, church entertainments, amateur clubs and all that, but never acted as it is in this country until—"

But Miss Todd had vanished. With speed, an excited, distracted creature, she reached the street. She hailed the first cab she met. It was old and shaky, but she did not mind that. If it had been an express wagon, in her present frame of mind Miss Todd would have engaged it had it then been going her way.

Miss Todd's way was the way to the home of the Rands. She was lashing herself and pitying them all the way. Her eyes had been opened. She had now recalled that Willie and Clara had belonged to an amateur dramatic club. The colloquy she had caught over the phonograph was, of course, a record of their parts in the play they were to give.

Dear, persecuted children! How she had unjustly misjudged them! Could she ever forgive herself?

When she reached the little home once so dear to her, now so longed for by her repentent spirit, she found a moving van in front of it and two men carrying out a piece of furniture.

"What's this?" she snapped out.

"Seized for debt," vouchsafed one of the movers.

"Seized—debt!" almost shrieked Miss Todd. "What—how do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Mr. Rand went surety for a friend, who left him in the lurch. Lawyer brought suit, judgment. Rand and his wife are at his office now, giving notes for deficiency, for furniture doesn't cover full amount."

"Where's this hideous persecutor of my dear darlings?" quavered Miss Todd and after informing the man that the money would be paid at once to move nothing from the house, the energetic lady started for the office of the lawyer.

Money covered the sordid features of the occasion, tears, confession, reconciliation, smiles, kisses the pathetic element of the case.

Back in the old home Miss Todd continued to dwell upon the circumstances.

"And I am snubnosed," she insisted "Grecian-classic," declared Willis.

"And freckled."

"So is Clara, since she had to do her own washing. True sign of a fair complexion.

"And homely as sin."

"What! you, the belle of the village when you were a girl! Tell that to the marines and some of the twenty odd young fellows whose hearts you broke by refusing to marry them."

And all this put Miss Tabitha Todd in fine humor.

"Well, there's the shekels, now," she pursued finally. "I'm going to divide them between you loyal two, provided you give me a home here for the rest of my days."

POISONOUS BITE OF FISHES

Attacks of the Octopus and Other Rovers of the Sea Are Explained by Pieron.

It used to be supposed that cuttle fishes suffocated crabs with their suckers and then tore them open with their beaks. But the method is more subtle says Knowledge. In 1895 Krause showed that the secretion of the posterior salivary glands of the octopus was very toxic, and it was supposed that the octopus gave a poisonous bite But Pieron has recently shown that the octopus at least does not bite the crab until after death. The paralyzing secretion is probably wafted into the crab with the respiratory current.

Similarly, in regard to bivalves it was thought that the cuttlefish forced the valves asunder by fixing suckers to each valve and then pulling in opposite directions. But Pieron has shown with cockles, mussels, scallops, and the like that the toxic juice first paralyzes the adductor muscles. In the case of the cockle the octopus breaks some of the teeth on the posterior margin of the shell, so that the salivary juice may get in more readily. After paralysis has set in force is employed, but it does not require much. The secretion from the stomach of the star fish has apparently the same paralyzing action on bivalves.

Art Never Grows Old.

A great work of art is never old fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology, writes William Lyon Phelps in the Bookman. This is the notable advantage that works of art have over the works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds; whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction cannot be revised, because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; and in literature, the earliest.

SIFTING OUT THE SLACKERS

Hospital Assistant, Threatening to Cook Alive One Patient to Obtain Grease, Reduces Sick Call.

Stories of how to outwit impostors who report sick in order to loaf in hospitals are among the oldest traditions of the medical branches of all airies, says a writer in a medical journal. A fourteenth-century collection of anecdotes shows that the malignerer was known in those days and Cardinal de Bari, who had a hospital at Vercell, found its resources were being exhausted by men of this type. He sent one of his subordinates to investigate. This man, Petrillo by name, who was something of a humorist, dressed himself in the robes of a physician and assembled all the patients for an examination of their wounds. Then he gravely said: "There is clearly but one remedy needed for the cure of ulcers of this character, and that is an ointment made of human grease. This very day I intend, in consequence, to draw by lot one from among you, who will be plunged alive into boiling water and cooked for the salvation of all." Seized by fear, all the patients made haste to report themselves fully recovered from their ulcers, and consequently there was room in the hospital for those who really needed care.

Physicians today, by the use of similar ruses, have discovered many "hospital slackers."

FISHING A MECHANICAL ART

Outfit Consists of Net, Rope and Pulley—All Operator Need Do Is to Turn Crank.

Most operations nowadays can be performed by machinery. Time was when the best sport in angling was obtained by the use of a rope, with patience at one end and a suitable bait at the other. The Wide World Magazine gives a revised edition of this plan. Here it is in all its simplicity:

You hang an immense four-cornered net on a rope which passes over a pulley, turn a handle, and drop the net into the sea. After a time, which may vary according to the mood you are in and the quality of the tobacco you are smoking, you wind up the net and look into it. If it is empty, you let the handle go a few turns, and drop the net into the sea again; if it contains any fish you draw it and bag them. In this way you reduce fishing to a mechanical art. When you haul up this huge net from the briny deep and find by the aid of a telescope that it contains one tiny, solitary fish—as was our case—after many unsuccessful "casts," you rejoice with joy unspeakable and call in your neighbors to the feast.

The King's Beard.

An interesting story is told in connection with the Swedish actor, Ferrasi, who was called upon to take the part of Oscar I in a play under that name at Stockholm, Sweden. The actor was ordered by the director of the opera to make up with a full beard, but during one of the intermissions he hunted up the director and told him that Oscar I never wore such a beard. "What kind of a beard did he have, then?"

To this Ferrasi replied, "Mustache and goatee, like Napoleon III."

"How do you know that?"

The conclusive reply was offered, "From my postage-stamp collection."

The change was made and at the second performance the public noticed with astonishment how King Oscar had altered the cut of his beard. To stamp collectors it is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Ferrasi secured his information by looking up the issue of Norway, 1856-7.—Christian Science Monitor.

Farming in France.

The French government has undertaken to supply the depleted ranks of the farmers and to give assistance to the amateur farmer by means of a correspondence course, which has been eagerly received. The pupil receives instructions as to a course of reading, the management of a small experiment plot, the carrying out of simple experiments, visits to neighboring farms, etc. The Union of Agricultural Syndicates, which has assumed charge of this work for the government, has appointed a number of "conitors" to supervise the work of pupils in their several neighborhoods. The pupils prepare monthly examination papers and render monthly reports on their work.

Dog on Operating Table.

Mack, a bulldog owned by Mrs. Charles Wright, teacher at the Rulo school, says a Walla Walla (Wash.) exchange, got so many porcupine quills in its mouth and throat during a fight with that animal that it had to be chloroformed and hundreds of quills were taken out with pincers. The dog was protecting chickens owned by its mistress. Mack has successfully fought off badgers, snakes and coyotes which have sought to steal the chickens, and when the porcupine appeared it charged it. Even with its mouth filled with quills it continued the attack.

Win Victoria Crosses.

Since the Victoria Cross was first instituted, sixty-odd years ago, as a reward for conspicuous valor in the Crimea, the bestowals have not amounted to a thousand. Five hundred and twenty-two was the number of the recipients before the beginning of the present war, and during the last three years 317 men have won the most coveted of all decorations.

EVERY STATE HAS ITS STAR

Arrangement of Field of Blue on Flag Is Definitely Regulated by Law and Executive Order.

Did you know that every star in our American flag has its own individual and particular state which it represents and that its placement on the square of blue is carefully and definitely regulated by law and executive order?

In 1912, on October 26, the last executive order concerning the flag was made, and it provided for the specific arrangement of the stars, says the Detroit Free Press. They were to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each. Starting in the right upper left-hand corner and placing each row from left to right, the star corresponding to each state is named in the order of the state's ratification of the constitution.

Thus star No. 1, in the upper left hand corner, is for Delaware. Star No. 48, in the lower right hand corner, is for Arizona.

The following list will show you at a glance exactly which star is yours:

First row—No. 1, Delaware; 2, Pennsylvania; 3, New Jersey; 4, Georgia; 5, Connecticut; 6, Massachusetts; 7, Maryland; 8, South Carolina.

Second row—No. 9, New Hampshire; 10, Virginia; 11, New York; 12, North Carolina; 13, Rhode Island; 14, Vermont; 15, Kentucky; 16, Tennessee.

Third row—No. 17, Ohio; 18, Louisiana; 19, Indiana; 20, Mississippi; 21, Illinois; 22, Alabama; 23, Maine, 24, Missouri.

Fourth Row—No. 25, Arkansas; 26, Michigan; 27, Florida; 28, Texas; 29, Iowa; 30, Wisconsin; 31, California; 32, Minnesota.

Fifth row—No. 33, Oregon; 34, Kansas; 35, West Virginia; 36, Nevada; 37, Nebraska; 38, Colorado; 39, South Dakota; 40, North Dakota.

Sixth row—No. 41, Montana; 42, Washington; 43, Idaho; 44, Wyoming; 45, Utah; 46, Oklahoma; 47, New Mexico; 48, Arizona.

CITES FOLLY OF WORRYING

Retired Business Man Offers Some Good, Homely Philosophy Based on Long Experience.

A retired business man now living in a soldiers' home writes the following letter to a friend in the dry goods market, and its homely philosophy and confidence will be found refreshing:

"Since I saw you I have entered on my seventy-seventh year. My experience has taught me the folly of worrying over events I cannot control. I have much reason for gratitude, as I have been allowed to live long. My lines are cast in pleasant places, and that is more than many a millionaire can truly say. I have little sympathy for people who mourn their former prosperity, just making themselves miserable and their hearers uncomfortable.

"My five months' captivity in a rebel prison showed me how little, after all, a person requires to be perfectly happy and contented. One good square meal to the prisoners would have converted the prison yard into a picnic grove. . . . Even if you may meet with ingratitude, your kind deed is recorded somewhere, and will be remembered. I must stop prosing, perhaps you will think I am getting into my dotage."—New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.

Would Tunnel English Channel.

A machine for tunneling the English Channel in 35 days has been brought to the attention of the British government by Mr. John K. Hencken, a civil engineer of New York, who states that he has official approval of his scheme. The scheme contemplates boring four tunnels by means of eight machines that will cut through earth and rock at the rate of 100 feet per hour, and provides not only for a trackway in each tunnel, but a driveway, along with motor-lorries could be driven from England to the supply bases in France. Mr. Hencken asserts that he can have the tunnels complete and ready for operation within a few months' time, and declares that, should the scheme be caried through, it would release most of the shipping now used between England and France.

Jane Austen.

Andrew Lang's rhyme on the "Life and Letters" plague would not apply to Jane Austen, the centenary of whose death we celebrated recently, says the London Chronicle. Sixty years passed away before any biography of her appeared. Once the ball was set rolling, however, it soon gathered force, and the number of "Lives" of that most modest of authoresses which have appeared since have amply made up for the previous neglect. So little did Miss Austen like publicity that Mr. Austen-Leigh has told us that during her lifetime "few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more than her name," and on her death in 1817 there was no mention of her or her writings in any of the periodicals of the day.

White House Closed to Visitors.

So strict is the rule against admission to the White House that the "special-card" hours have been abolished. Heretofore it has been possible for a member of congress or an official of the government to obtain a card from Secretary Tumulty admitting a constituent or friend to the lower floors of the mansion. This is now absolutely forbidden, and there are no exceptions. Those surrounding the president will take no chances.

FOOD DIRECTOR HEINZ CALLS FOR SEVEN WHEATLESS MEALS A WEEK

America Must Reduce Daily Wheat Ration One-Third to Provide Food to Keep Allied Armies on the Firing Line Over Winter.

A stirring appeal to every citizen in the State of Pennsylvania to observe seven wheatless meals each week has been issued by Howard Heinz, Director of the Food Supply Department of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety. It follows:

"The appeals of recent months to the American people for such a conservation of food as would enable us to fulfill our obligations to our own soldiers and our allies abroad have fallen upon willing ears and the response in patriotism and self-denial has been worthy of the best traditions of this great free nation.

"Notwithstanding, however, our undoubtedly great saving of important food staples, and particularly of wheat, the disappointing crops of the 1917 season and an over-seas demand greater, through the exigencies of war, than we had expected, has brought us to the verge of a grave crisis in the wheat situation that can be overcome by a more vigorous self-denial, a far greater degree of saving by the substitution of other foods in place of wheat than anything we have before undertaken.

Save Wheat For Fighters.

"The demands of those who are helping to fight our battles for the cause of democracy and of their supporters behind the lines are urgent, insistent and compelling. They must be met. Any break in the regular movement of supplies from America at this time would mean inevitable disaster and it is a fact which all should understand that our wheat supply is now known to be inadequate to permit a continuance of our present rate of home consumption and keep our own men and our allies on the firing line through the winter.

"The greater wheat saving at home need not be a hardship. Americans like and know how to prepare appetizing breads of corn meal, rye and other cereals in substitution for wheat. Buckwheat and corn cakes, oats and oat products for breakfast are an American institution and we can increase our consumption of all these plentiful commodities with no injury to our health.

"Mr. Hoover has asked that the response to the request for cutting down the consumption of wheat flour be made at once, before it is too late. The needs of France, Italy and England, not to mention our own boys at the front, require us to curtail our consumption of wheat by one-third. The time to begin is today. It is now necessary to become more drastic in our saving. Mr. Hoover has asked the people of Pennsylvania to have seven wheatless meals each week, meals in which there will be absolutely no wheat flour used, either for spaghetti, macaroni, noodles, pastry, cake or bread.

"These meals should be preferably the evening meals, but that is left entirely to the judgment of each individual family. The only exception that should be recognized is the case of invalids or small children. At meals we can substitute bread made wholly from corn meal, rye, buckwheat or some other cereal or we can use oatmeal, rice or vegetables in place of bread.

Substitutes Will Help.

"Mr. Hoover also asks that in addition to the saving by adoption of seven wheatless meals, we make a further saving in wheat by using as much as possible bread made from a mixture of wheat and other cereals. An appeal, therefore, is made in the name of President Wilson and Mr. Hoover to every man, woman and child and to every Pennsylvania home in which the spirit of patriotism lives to adopt these rules in their daily home life and to fulfill them faithfully and thus discharge the present sacred obligation."

ALL BIG FOOD DEALERS MUST TAKE OUT LICENSES

Acting upon instruction from Washington, D. C., Howard Heinz, Federal Food Administrator for Pennsylvania, has made this announcement to all dealers in foodstuffs:

"The trades covered in the president's proclamation of October 8 should have applied for licenses to the license division of the United States Food Administration, Washington, before November 1. Some firms have not applied, and proceedings will be immediately initiated to suspend trading operations of such firms, unless applications are received at once.

The following trades are included in the above notice: Those engaged in business as cold storage warehouse men, commission merchants, brokers, auctioneers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and all other dealers in grains and their by-products, rice, dried beans, pea seed and dried peas, cottonseed and its by-products, vegetable oils, cooking fats, milk, butter, cheese, canned meats, poultry, eggs, fish, fruits, vegetables, canned and dried fruits, sugar syrups and molasses.

Under the act of congress any person who fails to take out a license or who continues to do business after his license has been revoked is subject to a fine not exceeding $5000, or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both.

Retailers in food doing a business over $100,000 a year are subject to license.

BARCELONA AN ACTIVE CITY

Most Progressive of All Spanish Municipalities and Center of the Revolutionary Movement.

The revolutionary movement in Spain centers in the city of Barcelona. The goal of the revolutionists is a republic, and republics stand for progress. Of all Spanish cities Barcelona is the most progressive, writes Niksha. For ten years the conservatives have been looking askance at this great modern shipping and manufacturing center, so different from their sleepy inland strongholds, and from the peasant villages of the quiet hills, with political ideas of the last century.

Barcelona is a great world city. It is outdistancing Marseilles as the Commercial queen of the Mediterranean. The Spaniard has often been charged with a lack of business and enterprise. Barcelona is his answer. Here his factories rival those of Lancashire, his shipping that of Liverpool. The great industrial suburbs, each a city in itself, are reminiscent of the outlying cities that cluster about Manchester in the industrial north of England.

Yet Barcelona remains characteristically Spanish. The city has taken the ugliness, the bitter competitive spirit of modern industry, and, more nearly than any other industrial center, has blended them with beauty and Latin courtesy and good nature. Barcelona is Spain awakened, but not Spain transformed.

It is a sunny town, with a clear, bracing air and a blue sky that the smoke of a thousand chimneys never hides. It has plenty of parks and tree shaded boulevards; even its poorer quarters lack the sordidness of the Anglo-Saxon slum. The flower markets, the promenades, the cafes, are thronged with loungers, not of the leisure classes, but workmen in their leisure time. The Spaniard has learned to work without forgetting how to idle. And withal, the crowds are keen and wideawake, mightily interested in public affairs, and discussing politics with the heat that is a birthright in the Latin races. Barcelona promises to remain at the forefront of progressive Spain.

Origin of "Bankrupt."

Few words have so remarkable a history as "bankrupt." The money changers of Italy had benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times. At these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent his bench was broken, and the name of "broken bench," or "banca rotta," was given him. When the word was first adopted into English it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout" instead of "bankrupt."

MUSKRATS ARE FOUND EDIBLE

Little Animals Sold and Eaten in Many Cities as "Marsh Rabbits," According to Correspondents.

Newspaper correspondents advise us, says the Peoria Journal, that last fall ther appeared in the Washington, New York and Boston markets many barrels of plump little animals, all dressed and skinned, which were sold as "marsh rabbits."

It appears that for several weeks the good people bought these animals, cooked them according to the special directions and served them at family and party dinners as "rabbits"—not realizing that this food was really something vastly different from that of the ordinary rabbit.

Then came the announcement that the "marsh rabbit" was nothing less than the muskrat.

All of which goes to show that even now the American people are not averse to being fooled. In fact, they like it. Barnum's statement holds true as it did when he displayed a sandpapered elephant as "the only sacred white elephant in captivity."

We sometimes think that this is becoming a "marsh rabbit age."

Liberty Bail Bonds.

Thousands of banners and posters, and nobody knows how many circular letters and newspaper advertisements, have vied with one another in bringing to public attention the excellent reasons why everybody should own Liberty bonds. Here is a reason which has not been mentioned by any of the banners, posters, or advertisements, observes a New York exchange.

"Have you bought your Liberty bond?" asked McCole's friend as the two came through the tube on a crowded subway train.

McCole replied proudly that he had done so—with the bit of money he had been able to scrape together.

"You see," he added, "I figured they was good things to have. F'r instance, if you got arrested and needed bail you could use them and not lose the interest."

They All Agreed.

"My dear friends," said the hostess when all her guests had assembled, "I am delighted indeed to have you here. I want everybody to have a perfectly good time, and I am going to do whatever I can to make the evening a success. I have tried to think of some kind of a program that would please everybody, but I find it a difficult thing to do, so I am going to ask you to help me out of my trouble. We can talk about the war and thus have a lovely time, with a few fights incidentally perhaps, or my daughter, Penelope will recite for you. Which shall it be?"

Prolonged shouts of "War!"

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 6, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Some of the food conservation commissions are surely fixing prices—also fixing the consumers.

We have been trying to think of some single solitary thing that had escaped the frightful advance in prices, but guess we'll have to give it up. It can't be done.

Christmas shoppers who do their shopping early like to have the co-operation of the merchants who do their advertising early. The fellow who does not advertise may not do so because he hasn't the nerve to exploit old stock that is carried over from year to year.

If our recollection serves us correctly, the government established a $2 rate for bituminous coal at the mine and the public gave a sigh of relief. Anthracite coal was to be cheaper, and again we sighed in fervent approval. In years to come won't it be nice to recall the good old days in 1917 when the government provided us with cheaper coal?

In Philadelphia the food commission announced that the price of turkeys should not exceed 36 to 40 cents per pound. The dealers had not been charging more than 36 cents and they promptly boosted the price to 40. Perhaps it would be more to the point if men who work for a living were appointed to food commissions throughout the country.

AT WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

President Wilson in his message to Congress when that body convened in Washington on Tuesday urged that the United States declare that a state of war exists with Austria-Hungary. Congress will likely do this in the next few days. Such a step has been inevitable from the day the United States declared war on Germany. Austria-Hungary is but a catspaw in the clutches of Germany. The Austrian alien will now be placed under the closest observation and opportunity to do harm to the United States will be lessened wherever possible. The action of the President and the prospective ratification by Congress are merely in response to the overwhelming sentiment of the people of the United States. We are in this war and to a finish. In the words of General Pershing: "Germany can be beaten, Germany must be beaten, Germany will be beaten."

Death of James C. Wian.

It is with feeling of deep regret that we are compelled to chronical the death of James Clyde Wian who was practically raised in this community. For thirty years he had been in the harness business in Bellefonte, being located in the room on High street, adjoining J. D. Sourbeck's store. About two months ago he made sale of his store and house hold and he and his wife and a little girl whom they took to raise, went to Philadelphia to reside with their daughter, Mrs. W. F. Ankerbrand, where he was getting along nicely, with the prospect of going in business there in the near future. About ten days ago he became ill with heart trouble and died Tuesday. The remains were brought to Bellefonte Wednesday and taken to the residence of his brother, L. H. Wian, on East High street. The deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wian and was born in Spring township 49 years ago. When but fifteen years of age, while residing on the Beaver farm, near Bellefonte, he was stricken with typhoid fever which left his right leg in a condition that gangrene set in and amputation of the limb at the thigh was the only remedy to save his life. Although handicapped he was ambitious and soon afterwards went into James Schofield's harness shop where he learned the trade and later went into business for himself. About twenty-one years ago he was married to Harriet A. Driggs, of Rochester, N. Y. The deceased was of a kindly disposition which won for him hosts of warm friends. He was an excellent mechanic and built up such a prosperous business that he was enabled to erect a cosy home for himself.

He is survived by his wife and daughter, Mrs. Walter F. Ankerbrand, of Philadelphia, together with the following brothers and sisters: L. H. Wian, of Bellefonte; George Wian, of New Bethlehem; Mrs. Roy Brunner, Johnstown; Mrs. Jack Derr, Harrisburg; Mrs. Cyrus Labe and Mrs. Harry Gardner, Altoona. This is the second death in the Wian family during the year, his brother, Lawrence Wian, dying in Atlantic City, Aug 3rd. The funeral will take place to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of L. H. Wian.

George Stroop Dead.

On Friday, November 30th, George Stroop, who a number of years ago worked as a compositor in The Republican office, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank McClure, at Patton, the cause of his demise being pneumonia. He was 83 years of age. During the seventies he was editor of the Tyrone Democrat and continued a citizen of Tyrone until 1880 when his office was destroyed in the big conflamation which occurred in that town. He finally located in Milesburg and worked at his trade in Bellefonte. He was a splendid citizen and had many friends here and at Milesburg who will be sorry to hear of his death. He is survived by his wife, who has been lying at the point of death, and one daughter, Mrs. McClure, who was known here as Bessie Stroop. Interment was made in Tyrone Monday.

"Step Lively."

"Step Lively" the La Salle Company's offering with all that their trademark implies of excellence in musical comedy is the attraction at Garman's opera house next Monday night. It has brilliant, joyous, piquant music, songs that charm and that are easily sung and whistled, a plot that is consistent and filled to the brim with comedy, principals that can sing, dance and act, a chorus of pretty girls who sing, dance and wear those "ahead of the model" gowns that create a sensation in every city visited. They are the most startling ever seen on the stage; freakish they may be but the modistes may accurately forcast the styles in women's gowns for the next year. "Step Lively" will keep you laughing from start to finish. Prices 35, 50 and 75 cents and $1. Children 25 cents.

Mexico an Indian Country?

It is of importance to inquire into the attitude taken by the southern Indians of Mexico toward the official Spanish civilization, says the New Republic. If it is difficult for an outsider only slightly acquainted with the southern Indians to understand the reasons for their marked hatred of the Spaniards . . . it seems self-evident of anyone who has spent any time with them. To the southern Indians, the Spaniard and his successor, the Spanish-speaking Mexican, is the cruel alien conqueror. They feel that they are Indians and that Mexico is an Indian country. For instance, one of the common objections to Madero encountered in Oaxaca was that he was not an Indian and that the president of Mexico should be an Indian. This attitude is significant, and it is not strange to find even a northern Indian like Huerta proudly exclaiming: "Yo so Indiano." Carranza's lack of popularity in the south is not so much due to the fact that southern Mexico is the home of Diaz as to the fact that Carranza is not an Indian.

Piece of Fir 515 Years Old.

The forestry office at Portland, Ore., received from one of the Washington rangers a specimen of Douglas fir known to be 515 years old. The tree, when 125 years old, fell to the ground, where a cedar tree took root in the log and grew undisturbed for 200 years. The cedar was recently cut into shingle bolts, and the specimen of fir was found in its root. Woodsmen can tell accurately the age of a tree by the number of rings shown in the trunk stump when the tree is felled.

The fir specimen is sound, and is thought to be the oldest of its kind in existence.

Witchcraft Grip Morocco.

To those who know of the occupation of Morocco by the French and of their great work in that country, it may seem strange there should still remain firmly implanted in the lives of the people the most persistent and pernicious forms of witchcraft. For many years the French have endeavored to uproot the belief and to convert the ones who practice its evil tenets, but to little avail. Today witchcraft is believed in and is practiced as it was in ancient times, and that wonderfully rich land is kept in a state of hear-savagery by its influence.

Want No Vermin.

No man is allowed to enter Germany from Russia without being thoroughly disinfected and purified. It is not disease that the Germans are guarding against, but something that to them is more terrorizing than disease—vermin. Therefore, friend or foe, nobleman or peasant, nobody, is allowed to cross the threshold of Germany without a visit to one of the disinfecting stations along the eastern frontier. Even one of the emperor's sons had to submit to the disinfecting process and received, along with such of the Russian Cossacks who merited it, a certificate stating that "His Royal Higness Prince Adelbert is, for the time being, free from lice."

Harvesting Kelp.

Before the war potash could be bought for $40 a ton; since its importation from Germany ceased it has risen to $450 a ton.

G. C. Hopkins, in The Forecast, describes the harvesting of the gigantic kelp of the Pacific, and says this yields not only potash but ammonia and iodine, while the gas generated in the process is used to help the distillation. The United States department of agriculture is harvesting the kelp with floating mowing machines.

HUSBAND THE BETTER LOVER

He Is Practical, Demonstrating His Affection in Deeds Rather Than in Words.

Invariably the radiantly happy married woman of fifty has adopted the man's point of view regarding her life. The average man is a better lover than the average woman, because he loves practically, showing affection in acts rather than in words. From the beginning his home is his inventive to effort. Sometimes, after marriage, as demands increase, he becomes so engrossed in his purpose that he forgets to talk of love.

Then it is that the wife, who has small understanding of love in action, pines because she is sure he has grown cold. No, he is at fever heat, lest he fail in providing physical proof of his affection.

The woman who finds happiness in married life has a sufficiently masculine outlook to understand him. She, instead of brooding over imaginary slights, in return proves her devotion by work. Her domestic duties are dignified by love, consequently she can fix her thoughts upon something diverting while she mends socks, forgetting the commonplace.

She can hear the song of the bird or think of the story she read last evening while she does the work of the absent cook. To her it is a joy to plan attractive meals that will add to the efficiency of her loved ones. She has a profession—home making.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

RUSSIA, COUNTRY OF FAMINE

Peasants, Next to Orientals, Are Regarded as the Hungriest People on Face of Globe.

Next to the proletariat of India and China, the Russian peasant feels the pinch of poverty and hunger more keenly and more frequently than any other citizen on earth, the National Geographic magazine asserts.

One of the earliest famines in Russia of which there is any definite record was that of 1600, which continued for three years, with a death toll of 500,000 peasants. Cats, dogs and rats were eaten; the strong overcame the weak and in the shambles of the public markets human flesh was sold. Multitudes of the dead were found with their mouths stuffed with straw.

Three Russian famines of comparatively recent date were among the most severe in the history of the country. They occurred in 1891, 1906 and 1911. During the ten years following the first of these periods of dearth the government allotted nearly $125,000,000 for relief work, but the sums were not judiciously expended.

The famine of 1911 extended over one-third of the area of the empire in Europe and affected more or less 30,000,000 people, while 8,000,000 were reduced to starvation. Weeds, the bark of trees and bitter bread made from acorns constituted the chief diet for the destitute. This was the most widespread and most severe famine which has befallen a European nation in modern times.

First Woman Doctors.

The first woman admitted to the Ecole Medecine, the famous Paris medical college, who also the first to become a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, was Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, who was born in London seventy-five years ago. She was the daughter of George P. Putnam, the New York publisher, and studied in several American schools before taking her degree in Paris in 1871. Two years later she became the bride of Dr. Abraham Jacobi, a native of Germany, who fled that country when charged with "high treason" for participation in a German revolutionary movement, and, settling in New York, became one of the most distinguished of American physicians. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was prominent in the profession as professor and hospital physician until her death in 1906. The first woman physician in America was Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, a native of England, who received her degree of M. D. in 1849, and later returned to England to practice her profession.

Spud Is Important.

"The humble potato is destined to play an important part in the present world war. We are warned that as much depends upon bread as bullets, but owing to the scarcity of bread and an overabundance of potatoes, it would seem that more attention must be given to the storing and preserving of this crop.

"Scientists used to say that there was but little food value in the potato. But recently they have learned with others that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Now we are told that there is almost a balanced ration to be found in a bountiful meal of potatoes. At any rate it has been amply proved that there is no single vegetable that brightens so many homes, or feeds so many people as the potato.—Exchange.

No, You Don't!

The late John G. Johnson, the famous Philadelphia lawyer, was once engaged in a case where a certain cantankerous old woman bore witness for the opposition.

Her testimony concluded, the old woman proposed to leave the witness box, but Mr. Johnson said:

"Hold on, madam, I've one or two questions to ask you."

The old woman, however, did not halt in her departure.

"No, ye don,'t," she said. "None o' yer questions for me. You ain't on our side."

JAZZ MUSIC FOE OF BLUES

Does Not Consist, as Is Generally Believed, of Lot of Noise Without Rhyme or Reason.

Various descriptions of jazz music have from time to time appeared, but none seem to hit the mark exactly, says a connoisseur of this art. The common impression is that it consists of a lot of peculiar and noisy sounds without rhyme or reason. This is not the case, however. It consists chiefly of syncopation, peculiarly accentuated; variations by some of the instruments; improvisations by others, mingled with odd sound effects. Through all this the melody of the selections rendered must be distinguishable at all times—tin can noises, beating the life out of the drums, blasting by the brass instruments is entirely unnecessary. Contrasts between pianissimo and fortissimo passages should be shown just as much in jazz music as in the classics.

Another wrong impression is that jazz orchestras must consist of a certain instrumentation. This also is not the case. The viola, 'cello, cornet, piano, or in fact, any legitimate instrument, can be used. As jazz music is originally Ethiopian, the banjo and saxophone are used merely to lend negro character to it.

The number of musicians that can jazz properly is said to be small, because it really requires good musicians, who must also be endowed with the swing or knock of performing it. Although many of the cafe and theater orchestras are composed of good musicians, those who can jass are scarce. On the other hand, many of the self-styled jazz orchestras are misrepresentations, and cannot play the semiclassics or classics adequately. Some cannot perform it properly, and to offset this, resort to noise and discord in imitation thereof. The percentage of musicians who can do justice to the classics and also play jazz is consequently even smaller. This kind of orchestra is exceedingly scarce.

Jazz music is rhythmic and inspiring. It is declared the best antidote for the blues.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GREAT PROFIT ON STEAMERS

One Vessel Sold for $2,000,000 More Than It Cost After Being in Service for Five Months.

Some idea of the tremendous advance in the price of vessel property and the fabulous prices now being paid for vessels that can be bought is shown in the sale of the Boston steamer Tidewater, which has changed ownership after running in the coal-carrying trade to this port for less than five months, says the Boston Globe. The big collier cost to build about $570,000, and was sold for more than $2,600,000, a profit of more than $2,000,000.

The Tidewater was built at the New York Shipbuilding company's yard, Camden, N. J., and was completed early the present year. The vessel is constructed of steel, is 368.6 feet long, 55.2 feet beam and 30.5 feet depth of hold. Her net tonnage is 3,354 and gross tonnage 5,266. She was owned by Castner, Curran & Bullitt, and was sold to the American-Italian Steamship Company of New York.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
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Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	45
Eggs	50

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.80
Oats	60
Rye	1.50

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Here's Your Chance
You Can Live
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New Up-to-Date
Home
By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to
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MAKE 2 MEATLESS DAYS A WEEK THE RULE AND HELP THE ARMY WIN, PLEADS HEINZ

Food Director of Public Safety Committee Urges Housekeepers to Reduce Present Lavish Consumption as Patriotic Duty—Heavy Eating Jeopardizes Plans For Feeding Soldiers.

A request for meatless days has been issued to the nation by Herbert Hoover, and at his request Howard Heinz, Food Director of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety and Federal Food Administrator for Pennsylvania, calls upon all patriotic citizens to reduce the meat consumption by adopting in every family a rule of two meatless days per week, preferably Tuesdays and Fridays, and the use of meat only once a day on other days.

Mr. Heinz says:

"Especially must we save pork and its products, such as bacon, sausage and lard, if we are to fulfill the duty that we owe to those who risk their lives for the cause of democracy and freedom for all peoples.

"America is a meat-eating nation and its meat consumption has always been excessive in proportion to that of other countries where meat has been less plentiful and more regarded as a luxury.

"Today, we have reached a point where the drain on our meat supply, through our own prodigal use and an abnormal war demand, has brought about a shortage so serious as to jeopardize the plans of the government for feeding our soldiers and the allies by whose side we are already fighting. As a war defensive measure our habit of years must be restricted and reformed.

"Soldiers, strenuously engaged, must have sustaining food. They need strong meat in plentiful supply—beef, mutton and fat—the latter chiefly in the form of pork and pork products. We must not cut down the meat consumption of those who are fighting our battles in the trenches of Europe. We must cut down our own consumption. This we can do materially by the exercise of moderate self restraint and with advantage to our own health. For us, there are plenty of substitutes in poultry, game, fish and other sea food and vegetables.

"In this hour, when the life and future of the country and the liberties of the world are at stake, we are each called upon to do our full share to prove our loyalty to our country and to those who expose their lives that it may live. The sacrifices that are demanded of us are small in comparison. May the response to this appeal be prompt, generous and universal."

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WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
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There should be one in each locality
30x3 Non Skids $6 80
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Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc

Bryan & Rosenhoover
1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

Christmas Suggestions!

It is often very hard to think of just the right thing to give to your friends at Christmas time. Therefore we are presenting this list because we think it may help you to choose:

Neckwear	Collars
Hosiery	Silk Garters
Handkerchiefs	Cuff Links
Suspenders	Tie Clasps
Mufflers	Madras Shirts
Belts	Silk Shirts
Watch Chains	Pajamas
Tie Pins	Night Robes
Caps	Umbrellas
Full Dress Jewelry	Gloves
Dress Shirts	Underwear
Automobile Gloves	Canes
Automobile Robes	Hats
Bath Robes	Silk Hose [men]
Spalding's Sporting Goods	Silk Stockings [women]
Childn's Knit Romper Suits	Children's Suits
Men's Suits	Traveling Bags
Men's Overcoats	Smoking Jackets
Children's Overcoats	Silk Mufflers
Childn's & Men's Raincoats	Sweaters

Montgomery & Co.
Bellefonte State College

spondence

Grove Mills.

is in full sway, but few s are reported. J. E. Reed or the town, his porker tip- es at the 306 notch.

een, of Centre Hall, trans- ss in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. L. Bowersox and Mr. A. Lytle attended the P. uneral last Friday.

ak Houck, of Franklinville, ay caller at the J. E. Reed ock Springs.

rles Johnstonbaugh family are ed for scarlet ever and the Wal- school house is closed while roughly fumigated.

Mrs. Earl Kline. of State Col- nt the first day of the week at H. Roush home on East Main

other improvements A. C. having his mansion house re- ith asbestos shingles.

Roush, a member of Troop L, re- home from Camp Hancock Sun- ving been discharged on account ctured elbow.

en Ward, of Camp Allentown, ut. Paul Ward, of Chatanooga, came home for Thanksgiving, a ten days furlough. George A. of Troop L, was an arrival from Hancock to spend ten days among here and at State College.

Sunday at the morning service in esbyterian church the pastor, Rev. Campbell, displayed a handsome flag containing six stars repre- ng the young men of his congrega- who are in training in military ser- Their names are Wallace Archey, ge Irvin, Roy Gates, Paul Ward, as Frank and Warren Ward.

s. Harry Sager, of Windber, with son Walter came over for a brief among relatives in town.

iss Emma Snook, who has been at Harry Sunday home here, returned sday to her parental home.

Mrs. Will Wagner and daughter Helen visiting from Altoona among friends Penns valley, while her husband is joying a hunt with the Modocks.

Mrs. Margaret Harper, of State Col- ge, is visiting her son Gordon before inter sets in for good.

Mrs. Celia Snyder and Wm. B. Fry e in the clutches of the grip.

Mrs. C. H. Martz is very ill from pleuro-pneumonia and the family have been summoned to her bedside.

Hunters had luck on the opening day of the deer season. The Woodrow Wilson club of our town brought in two deer and on Monday got their third; the Everhart crowd got two the first day and two more on Monday; the Homans in the Seven Mountains reported one; the Modocks landed one; the Boalsburg crowd got one; Alfred Davis got one bear; the Fleming crowd also got one bear. Our rod and gun club wounded two but failed to get either of them.

Mrs. J. B. Heberling, of State College, spent the Sabbath at the Hon. J. Will Kepler home at the St. Elmo.

Boalsburg.

Cyril Zechman, who is attending school in Selinsgrove, spent his Thanksgiving vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Zechman.

Mrs. J. A. Fortney and daughter and Miss Rosalie McCormick spent Thanksgiving at the home of Dr. McCormick, at Hublersburg.

Edward Sellers, of Sunbury, spent a few hours in Boalsburg on Saturday morning.

Mrs. W. E. Gettig and daughter, Nellie, of Altoona, visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Meyer.

Mrs. George Houtz and little daughter, Elsie, went to Williamsport on Saturday where they will remain for several weeks.

Miss Grace Rine, of Bellefonte, was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. G. N. Fisher, from Thursday until Friday.

S. E. Weber and sister Annie spent several days of last week with their brother, Peter Weber.

R. B. Harrison, of State College, spent Thanksgiving with his family here.

Hon. J. N. Keller and daughters, Maude and Helen, and Jake Kyle, of Mifflintown, and S. H. Baker, of Osceola, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller.

Daniel and Edgar Lonberger, of State College, spent a short time with relatives here.

Mrs. Robert Harter and son, of State College, came to Mrs. Harter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, last week where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Dale, of Oak Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dale, of Houserville, spent Saturday at the A. W. Dale home.

There will be services in the Lutheran church Sunday evening, December 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brooks, of Pleasant Gap, assisted the latter's father, Jacob Meyer, with his butchering on Monday.

Mrs. Hunter and two children, of Pitcairn, were the guests of her friend, Mrs. Samuel Roberts several days of last week.

Miss Mary Reish is spending the week at the E. C. Ross home at Lemont.

Centre Hall.

The funeral of the late Philip Meyer was largely attended.

The Seven Mountains are lined with hunters from Philadelphia, Greensburg, Ardmore, Jeanette and, in fact, from all over the state. It was reported late the first day the Potters Mills Regulars had one and also the Bradford Camp at Stone Creek a 3 pronged buck.

The sale of the late William Mitterling was very well attended—prices good. The residence brought $4600 bought by Frank Fisher, of Penn Hall, for his sister, Mary, who intends moving here in the spring.

Mrs J. M. Caldron returned home after visiting 8 weeks with her mother in Halton, Kansas.

W. L. Jacobs spent Sunday with his brother in. Stubenville, Ohio, returning the beginning of the week.

L. L. Smith the liveryman, contemplates making sale of his horses and full livery equipment some time in March.

Ralph Dinges and wife spent Sunday with his uncle in Tyrone.

Walter Gherrity, the famous cook in the Seven Mountains, has his house full and was compelled to turn down ten or twelve who wanted to stop with him. As they hear of his famous cooking Walter is hardly a day without some boarders.

Mr. Goodlander, of Williamsport, is agent in charge of Centre Hall station, while the agent, W. F. Bradford is hunting.

Edward Crawford is assisting G. O. Benner in his general store.

Centre Mills.

Adam Reish had an acetylene light plant installed in his dwelling last week.

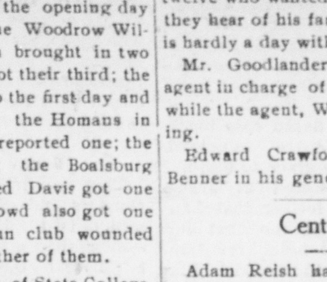
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cummings autoed to the home of Charles Neff, south-west of Centre Hall, last Wednesday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Neff.

Mrs. Emma Neese, of Keuka, N. Y., who was called home to attend the funeral of her father, Elias Breon, two weeks ago, departed for her home last Wednesday.

Arthur Kline, of Altoona, came down last week and helped his parents butcher and returned home Friday.

Roy Held went with the Millheim hunting party to Paddy Mountain on Monday morning and before dinner he shot a four-pronged buck which tipped the scales at 155lbs, dressed.

Orian Reish went to little Sugar Valley with the Madisonburg crew on Tuesday for the day hunting for small game.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. S. D. Miller and daughter, Irene, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Price Sunday.

Miss Mary Harper, of Vail, spent Saturday and Sunday with her friends Lucinda Reese and Virginia Adams.

Mrs. Virginia Paul, Mrs. Frank Gulich and children of Pittsburgh, visited Mrs. Theodore Adams last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett and daughter visited the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett on Sunday.

Miss Edna Pugh, of Amsbury, is visiting Mrs. A. W. Woodring.

Mr. Earl Sponsler, of Baldeagle, spent Saturday evening with his friend, Miss Mary Bigelow.

Miss Rosella Cronemiller, of Patton, visited relatives in town last week.

Lewis Rothrock, a student of State College, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rothrock last week.

Roy Patton, of Tyrone, visited friends in town Sunday.

Mr. Laudis and daughter, LaRue made a tripe to Tyrone Saturday.

Misses Hazel Laird and Myrtle McNeal, of Tyrone are visiting the formers parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Laird.

A large number of people attended the Thanksgiving services held in the Baptist church last Thursday evening.

Wendell Harpster, of Philipsburg, visited relatives in town Sunday.

Among those who motored to Altoona Friday were, Mrs. D. L. Ross Jr., J. H. Crain, daughter Lois, S. S. Osman, H. L. Shope, Allan Hoover and Lewis Rothrock.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

A. E. Canfield to A. P. Zerby tract in Worth Twp.; $1000.

County Treasurer to A. P. Zerby, tract in Worth Twp.; $78.

County Treasurer to A. E. Canfield, tract in Worth Twp.; $26.

Emma Dahlgren, et al, to Frank Shuster, tract in Rush Twp.; $700.

Henry F. Bitner, Admr., to W. Howard Durst, tract in Potter Twp.; $2350.

Walter Garrity to S. W. Gramley, tract in Potter Twp.; $50.

Victor S. Weston, et al, to W. A. Guyer tract in Worth Twp.; $1625.

Albert N. Bierly to Lemuel Bierly, tract in Boggs Twp.; $100.

James C. Reed to Albert Berbrick, tract in Harris Twp.; $400.

Wm. H. Noll, Jr. et al, to Whiterock Quarries, tract in Spring Twp.; $150.

Wm. H. Noll, et al, to Whiterock Quarries, tract in Spring Twp.; $12,000.

Geo. B. Uzzell, et al, to David Chambers, et al, tract in Snow Shoe; $2000.

Mary Jane Wasson to Isaac Bickle, tract in Halfmoon Twp.; $600.

More Workers Needed.

The Red Cross has received a large special order for surgical dressings for the French hospital that must be completed this month and in order to do this we need more workers.

The work rooms in Petrikin Hall will be open on Friday afternoon and evening of this week and it is hoped that as many women as possibly can do so will be there at that time to assist in the work. If you can't give the entire afternoon or evening, come for an hour and don't let the lack of a uniform keep you away; bring a big clean apron of any kind, and a linen handkerchief to cover your head.

It is probable that the work rooms will be open each day this month, but further notice of work days will be given on Friday.

Come and bring your neighbors all are needed and welcome.

To Aid Y. W. C. A.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association is now asking for $4,000,000, which must be secured by the middle of December.

Bellefonte is to have an opportunity of aiding financially in the splendid work that the Y. W. C. A. has undertaken. The campaign for "our share" will close on the eighth of December.

The Women's Club has assumed the responsibility of raising part of Bellefonte's share. Saturday all others will be given the opportunity of contributing to this fund. Young women will be stationed in prominent places in the town, and will gladly receive your contribution. Every man and woman of Bellefonte should be interested and should consider it a privilege to give.

Judge Harry Hall Dead.

Judge Harry Alvin Hall, formerly of common pleas court, district No. 25, comprising Clinton, Cameron and Elk counties, died Saturday of heart disease at the Bellevue-Statford hotel, Philadelphia. Judge Hall was born in Karthaus, Clearfield county, October 7, 1861. Once or twice he sat on the bench in Centre county and presided over the court, and he was quite well known in Bellefonte.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulets for bilious attacks. 25c at all stores.

"PUNKIN" PIE IS BEST OF ALL

Man's Mouth Still Waters When He Thinks of the Kind That Mother Used to Make.

To a man still young enough to remember sufficiently far back into his boyhood years to the time when he had never had enough dessert in his life, there is no word in the English language so suggestive of toothsome, lickerish joy as pie, plain pie—particularly "punkin."

You can't spell punkin pie with an "m" and a "p," declares a writer in the Milwaukee Journal. Pumpkin pie is the kind one gets in restaurants, flavored with cloves and allspice. "Punkin" pie has cinnamon and ginger in it, and sometimes a hint of an unmentionable heady fluid about which one would not dare ask mother. And of all the smacking, ambrosial delicacies catalogued under the genus "pie," the best is "punkin."

There are other kinds, of course—apple, peach, cherry, squash, blueberry, custard, lemon, mince—and every one probably has its value in the world. Some people even may prefer them. One never can account for different persons' tastes. But for boys, young men and elderly men whose stomachs have not yet grown old, there is none that will approach "punkin," the khaki-colored queen of pastries.

One grows hungry at the thought of "punkin" pie—the crisp, crinkly crust; the thick, rich pungent filling, with the dust of cinnamon tarnishing its tawny top; the creamy, dreamy, velvety, faraway taste as one's mouth closes on its prize. Some appetizing joys there are, but none that exceeds capturing a piece of punkin pie, getting it into one's hands, contrary to all social usage, biting into it, until one almost mires up to one's nose, until one can scarce see over the top of the upstanding crust, and beginning the unequaled delight of devouring the first mouthful. To taste it is to love it, love it and love forever.

THIRTY YEARS' WAR PLAGUES

Sweeping Away of Lives Was Frightful, Combatants Themselves Being Mown Down.

In the famous Thirty Years' war, it is estimated, the population of central and western Europe was reduced from thirty millions to less than fifteen millions, and yet during the whole of that time there were only forty important battles fought, and their total death casualties did not reach half a million.

All the rest of the frightful sweeping away of life was from plague and famine, which not only followed in the wake of the armies, but mowed down the combatants themselves.

Nor was the deadly work of these fierce partners of war—the terrible triple alliance of the prayer book, plague, pestilence and famine—confined to the civil populations. They played equal havoc in the ranks of the armies themselves.

Even as recently as the days of Gustavus Adolphus that great captain is said to have broken up his winter quarters and begun his summer campaign nearly two months earlier than he had intended, because at the rate at which his soldiers were dying from disease in their huts and barracks he would soon have had no army left to campaign with.

Kicked Himself to Freedom.

Prisoners of war have had many thrilling adventures in their attempts to escape across the German frontier, but it would be hard to find a more remarkable story than the following, told in a Dutch paper: Four British escaped prisoners of war, one Frenchman and seven Russians arrived at Oldenzaal, besides two German deserters. An amusing incident took place in the case of one of the Russians. He was seized by the German sentry when in the act of crossing the frontier, and in the course of the ensuing struggle threw himself on the ground. He fell half way on Dutch and half way on German territory. The Dutch sentry came to his rescue and tried to pull him across by the shoulders. The German pulled at the other end. When the Russian found that the Dutchman was helping him he started kicking with all his might, with the happy result that he was safely pulled onto Dutch territory.

Sausage Makers' Repartee.

An old story which is being revived nowadays concerns two rival sausage makers. They lived on opposite sides of a certain street in London, and one day one of them placed over his shop the legend, "We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country." The next day, over the way, appeared the sign, "We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country." Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely: "We sell sausages to the king." Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage maker the simple expression of loyalty, "God save the king."

Hailstorm Insurance in Germany.

Hailstorm insurance is more extensively carried on in Germany than in any other country. During the last 45 years the German hail insurance companies have collected the enormous sum of 1,144,799,000 marks (mark—23.8 cents), in premiums, and have paid out 902,426,000 marks in indemnities. During the year 1915 the companies realized a profit of 7,999,975 marks, which was much in excess of their average earnings, and the business of the year showed an increase in insured values of 404,000,000 marks. —Scientific American.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Leggett's, Guth's and Jenson's

Delicious Chocolates.

Candies are Scarce, Call Soon as they will go fast.

SOLD ONLY AT

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores

Death of Daniel Hall.

Daniel Hall, one of the most prominent citizens of Bald Eagle valley, passed away Tuesday morning at 9.30 o'clock at his home at Unionville where he had lived for many years. He had been ill with progressive paralysis for several months, although he was only confined to bed about two weeks. He was the son of Robert and Mary Armaghast Hall, and was born on Dix Run, Union township, April 27th, 1846, making his age 71 years, 7 months and 7 days. In 1870 he was married to Miss Martha Peters. For many years they lived on a farm and the deceased proved a successful tiller of the soil. He was always a man of prominence in the community and took an interest in things in general, and his counsel will be missed. He always was on the right side of all questions of public interest, being a strong advocate of temperance and doing everything he could to aid the cause. In youth he joined the Methodist church and was one of its strongest supporters, and a christian in the truest sense of the word. Besides his wife he is survived by a son, Eugene Hall, of Unionville, together with a twin brother, David Hall, of that place, and a half-brother, James Hall, of Julian. The funeral will take place to-morrow (Friday) morning at 10 o'clock from his late residence.

WANTED—Reliable man, resident of Bellefonte, to manage local selling branch, also one salesman for Bellefonte and one living in each adjoining county. Address Consolidated Calendar & Novelty Co., Erie, Pa.

LIFE INSURANCE—Men attention: A progressive well established life insurance company has open a general agency connection for the Bellefonte District. Liberal commission and office allowance. Those interested in making a permanent association can receive full particulars by addressing General Manager, Suite 826 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed in the Register's Office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County for confirmation on Wednesday, the 12th day of December, 1917.

1. CROSTHWAITE The first and final account of Thos. A. Crosthwaite and Mary G. Crosthwaite, admrs., of &c., of Frank A. Crosthwaite, late of State College Borough, dec'd.

2. DALE The first and final account of John W. Dale, admr., of &c., of Catherine Dale, late of Benner Twp., dec'd

3. HARPSTER The first and final account of Leland L. Harpster, Admrx., of etc., of James C. Harpster, late of State College Boro., dec'd.

4. HOY The first and final account of Sallie Hoy and G. Albert Hoy, admrs., of &c., of John A. Hoy, late of Patton Twp., dec'd.

5. HAWORTH The final account of Mary Jane Haworth, excr., of &c., of John Haworth, late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

6. METZGER The first and final account of J. D. Hemminger, Exr., of John L. Metzger, late of Miles Twp., dec'd.

7. RISHEL The first and partial account of Emma K. Rishel, Exrx., of &c., of William P. Rishel, late of Miles Twp., dec'd.

8. SIMLER The final account of George B. Simler, Jr., Admr., and Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court, in partition to sell real estate of George B. Simler, Sr., late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

9. The first and final account of Cyrus Brungart, admr., of &c., of Alexander McCoy, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

10. BOWERSOX The first and final account of A. L. Bowersox, administrator of Ida Bowersox late of Ferguson township dec'd.

11 LUTZ The first and final account of Elizabeth Lutz, Admrx., of etc., of Jacob D. Lutz, late of State College Boro., dec'd.

12 SAYLOR The first and final account of Robert Saylor, Admr., of etc., of Harry Saylor, late of Boggs Twp., dec'd.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Beightol vs. Harvey D. Beightol.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916. In Re-Divorce.

To Harvey D. Beightol:—Whereas your wife, Mary E. Beightol has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the First Monday in December, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary E. Beightol, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Beightol should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 2, 1917.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth Woodring.
Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Woodring, late of Worth township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, having been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to H. C. Woodring, Port Matilda, Pa.

H. C. WOODRING,
Administrator.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 25th day of October, 1917, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

SECOND MONDAY OF DECEMBER

being the 10th day of December, 1917, and to continue as business may require.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 10th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 3rd day of November, in the year of our Lord 1917, and the one hundred and forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa
November 3rd, 1917.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

PRIVATE SALE—The William Cronoble property at Pleasant Gap. Inquire of George H. Yarnell, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

PERSONAL—Let Madam Kosmos help you by giving your life prediction. Send birthdate and dime. LeLaurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

AGENTS—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Solid oak extension dining table with extra leaves, buffet and 6 leather chairs, all match, good as new. In first class condition. Will sell at big bargain to sell it quick. R. Russel Blair.

SALESMEN—Also managers for selling branches in each county for large calendar manufacturers. Start December 15. Will pay good money to capable men. Consolidated Calendar and Novelty Co. Erie, Pa.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

HELP WANTED—An unusual opportunity for young women to learn and become graduate nurses from one of Philadelphia's leading hospitals which is noted for the thoroughness of its training in general, surgical and maternity nursing. Comfortable nurses' home, under chaperon graduate nurses. Student nurses paid while learning. Circular information and application blanks upon request. West Philadelphia hospital for women, 4035 Parrish Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

Little Pie Lady

By JANE OSBORN

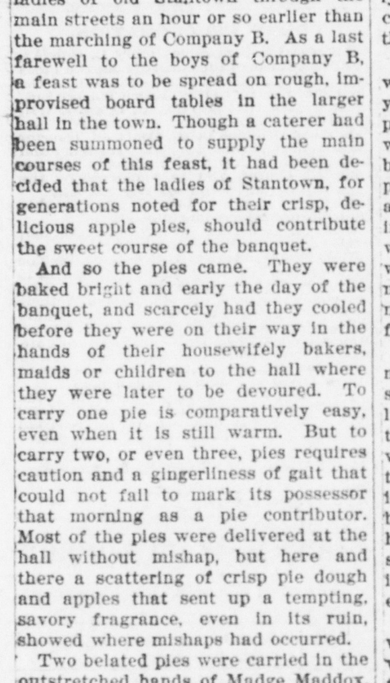
(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Company B left Stantown you might have supposed the greatest procession of the war was that of the khaki-clad young men of Company B, with their splendid band playing, as they marched, in the glorious autumn sunlight, through the main street of that old town. True enough, it was a spectacle for which farming folk from the adjoining county, and perhaps some folk from larger cities, as well, journeyed to old Stantown. But other companies just as splendidly drilled and equipped as Company B had left other old towns, just as proud as Stantown; so there was nothing exactly unique in that procession.

The really remarkable procession was the procession of the pie-laden ladies of old Stantown through the main streets an hour or so earlier than the marching of Company B. As a last farewell to the boys of Company B, a feast was to be spread on rough, improvised board tables in the larger hall in the town. Though a caterer had been summoned to supply the main courses of this feast, it had been decided that the ladies of Stantown, for generations noted for their crisp, delicious apple pies, should contribute the sweet course of the banquet.

And so the pies came. They were baked bright and early the day of the banquet, and scarcely had they cooled before they were on their way in the hands of their housewifely bakers, maids or children to the hall where they were later to be devoured. To carry one pie is comparatively easy, even when it is still warm. But to carry two, or even three, pies requires caution and a gingerliness of gait that could not fail to mark its possessor that morning as a pie contributor. Most of the pies were delivered at the hall without mishap, but here and there a scattering of crisp pie dough and apples that sent up a tempting, savory fragrance, even in its ruin, showed where mishaps had occurred.

Two belated pies were carried in the outstretched hands of Madge Maddox, crisp and sweet in holiday white, and flushed with the excitement of the



Admiring Aunt's Flowers.

great spectacle that the day had in store and her own wonderful part in it. For Madge, though twenty, had had few breaks in the monotony of her life with her old maiden aunt and older grandmother. Now, though she knew none of the boys in Company B, she looked forward with a thrill to the fact that she was one of the fifty pretty girls who had been selected to wait on them at table. Of her own volition, she was also one of the two hundred housewives who had volunteered to make apple pies for the six hundred boys who were expected to eat them.

She walked very gingerly from her grandmother's cottage on the outskirts of the town, hoping and half expecting to meet someone she knew with an automobile who would transport her and her pies safely to their destination. She even thought she might meet a neighbor walking toward town empty handed who would relieve her of the burden of one of the pies. But no such luck befell her. The only person who appeared on the road that led to town was a man in the khaki uniform of Company B. Madge would have liked to ask the man in uniform to help her with one pie, for it was slipping in her hand, and the string that tied it was loosening.

Of course, her impulse to ask the man in khaki for assistance was only fleeting, for Madge had been warned against these men. Though her grandmother had consented reluctantly that Madge help wait on them at the banquet, she had warned her emphatically not to smile at them, even if they smiled at her. Her aunt warned her especially not to speak to them, except, of course, as it was necessary in waiting on them, and then but briefly.

But the pie was slipping, and when the tall, well-built man in khaki stood beside her with outstretched hands to take it just as it would have slipped to the dusty ground, Madge had to smile, and before she knew it she had thanked the man, and they were walking together toward the hall as if they had known each other always.

As Madge and her companion walked through the streets in town she felt with pleasure the eyes of neighbors and townspeople who saw her walking with one of Company B. Now, she was like the other girls who really knew and could talk to one of these brave soldiers.

"You have been very good to help me. I've liked talking to you, too," said Madge simply, as they neared the hall where she supposed she and her soldier would part forever, "because I don't know any of the other men in Company B, and it makes me happy to have talked to one of them on the eve of departure."

"And I don't know another young lady in Stantown. That's why I felt so out of sorts when I had to come out."

"Why, that's strange!" commented Madge. "I thought all the men in Company B were from this section."

"Company B—yes, so they are," agreed the man in khaki, and then changed the subject as he followed Madge into the room where the pies had been received.

A near neighbor of Madge's, who receiving the pies, eyed Madge narrowly, and then the man in khaki. Madge colored, and the man seemed to guess the cause of her confusion.

"You're thinking that those ladies will wonder who I am, and perhaps you are wondering yourself. May I present myself. I'm Bob Fairfax." It was just in time. The critical neighbor had eyed Madge with such disapproval that Madge turned her newly acquired information to account, and introduced her companion, adding, with a pretty little laugh, "Mr. Fairfax was just walking out the lane to see my aunt and grandmother, when he met me with the pie, and I'm so glad, for I never could have managed alone."

Somehow the usually timid Madge mustered up courage enough to ask her soldier to come home with her for luncheon, and while she left him on the front porch she had a hasty interview with her aunt; explained how they had met and the reason she had introduced him to the critical neighbor, and it was for that reason perhaps that she received the young stranger in khaki into her house and invited him to share their dainty luncheon.

The young soldier got on famously with Madge's aunt and grandmother, vowed that he had rather stay with them than join in the festivities in the armory, and when Madge went to don her Red Cross apron and veil preparatory to serving at the banquet Mr. Fairfax was still dallying with the old ladies, walking leisurely through their garden paths and admiring all of the aunt's favorite flowers in a way that convinced her that he was "a perfect gentleman." And being sure he was such, she had no objections to offer when he suggested that he escort the pretty little Red Cross waitress to the hall of the banquet.

They parted at the door of the hall, and Mr. Fairfax held his hand out for a farewell.

"If I never see you again, little apple-pie lady, may I tell you that this has been the sweetest day of my life," and as Madge murmured a "good-by—but surely I'll see you at the banquet; perhaps you'll be at my table," he had left her.

Madge, who had expected so much from that banquet, was keenly disappointed. In spite of the splendid effect of the six hundred soldiers as they marched with blaring trumpet and beating drum into the hall for dinner she seemed to feel that something was missing. And as she had time to scan the faces of the men who sat at the long tables, she knew that she was right. Her soldier man was not there.

Why hadn't he cared enough for her to stay to the banquet?

It was past nine o'clock that night when Madge, with cheeks flushed with fatigue, excitement and disappointment, stole out of the hall. She had promised her aunt to come home with neighbors who lived near her, but she dreaded the trip up the lane with them. Having finished her share of the work, she skipped out, and started homeward alone.

Fairfax stepped to her side before she had gone ten paces, and so content did they both seem just in the consciousness of being together after their three-hour separation that Madge forgot to ask him why he had not been at the banquet.

As they turned into the lane she asked him. "I didn't want you to know; but I'm not one of Company B at all. I'm only a movie actor; my company is of the film sort, and we came out this morning to take some pictures with the soldiers in old Stantown as a background. I was to appear to be one of them, so this was my costume. Then the rest of the crew went back to the city, and because my heart yearned for the country I told them I'd come back on a later train. Then I started out the lane, and met you. I was going back after I left you just now—but I couldn't—I couldn't leave you without finding out more about you. I don't care much for the girls I meet in the studios. The only kind of girl I could ever love is a girl like you."

"And just for that you stayed out here and waited—and went without dinner—oh, you must be very hungry! I'm hungry, too. I didn't stay, though the Guards were going to wait on the waitresses and dance with them later. You see, you are the only soldier boy I care about. So let's go and tell aunt about it, and maybe she'll get us supper together."

SOME FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES

"Marmalade Forever," Peculiar Slogan Which Scotch Regiment Originated During Charge.

"Marmalade forever!" This quaint battle cry originated from a certain Scotch regiment during a charge in the present war, says London Answers. "Stand, the Camerons!" is the roar of another regiment of the "kilties," and serves to corroborate the fact that as official reports have it, "the spirit of our troops is excellent."

Among others there is the gallant cry of "Stick it, Welsh!" uttered by the late Captain Haggard, which has been an inspiration to many Welsh bards. It is sad to recall that Capt. E. Langdale, whilst encouraging his men with the gallant cry of "Come on, the Leicestershires!" fell on the field. But the Leicestershires did "come on," with disastrous results to the Huns.

We must not forget, however, that famous cry of "Kamerad!" uttered by whole German regiments, which has perhaps, encouraged our men more than any other. There is an amusing tale told of one of our Tommies who, during a charge, was about to give a certain Hun a glimpse of the "great beyond," when up went Fritz's hands.

"Kamerad!" he yelled.

Tommy lowered his bayonet.

"Hang it!" he muttered. "That's the blooming word I was trying to think of when arguing with Nobby Smith!"

RATS MARCH LIKE SOLDIERS

Rodents Have Little Difficulty in Finding Supply of Food, and Adapt Themselves to Conditions.

The ready adaptability of rats to their surroundings is one of the qualities which has enabled them to conquer the world, E. W. Nelson writes in the National Geographic Magazine. On the approach of warm weather in summer large numbers of them leave buildings and resort to fields on farms or to the outskirts of the towns, where the growing vegetation, particularly cultivated plants, affords them an abundant supply until the approach of winter. At the beginning of cold weather they return again to the shelter of buildings, where they find the harvested crops ready for their consumption.

When the food supply suddenly decreases, following a period of plenty during which the rats have greatly increased in numbers, a migratory impulse appears to affect the entire rat population over large areas and a general migration takes place. At such times the rats are extraordinarily bold, swimming rivers without hesitation, and surmounting all other natural obstacles. The first invasion of Europe, when rats swam the Volga, was an instance of this kind. Experiments by the United States public health service have shown that when released in the water of a harbor rats may swim ashore for a distance of 1,500 yards.

One Family "Does Its Bit."

It is not very often that these members of one family take the town by storm simultaneously, but this, says the Christian Science Monitor, is the record of the Geddeses—push-and-go Geddesses, they have been termed. Sir Eric Geddes has not long become first lord of the British admiralty; he has done a great many things and astonished a vast number of people since the war began; his brother, Dr. Campbell Geddes, is now the head of national recruiting on a civilian basis—to be intrusted with the writing of a fresh chapter in the history of recruiting at this stage of the proceedings is in itself the highest testimony to high qualities. The third Geddes to win prominence is the sister of these two brothers, Mrs. Chalmers Watson, who, after performing valuable services in France, has now become commander in chief of the new Women's Auxiliary Army corps, whose numbers will probably quite shortly run into six figures.

Italy's Aerial Tramways.

Before the war the aerial tramway was utilized in various parts of the world for transporting materials across chasms and up mountain sides, but it remained for the Italians to adapt it to their necessity of negotiating the sheer heights in Alpine warfare, according to the National Geographic Magazine. A young engineer of Milan is credited with having first suggested its present use, but it seems to have exceeded in usefulness his wildest dreams. Few facts have been given out concerning the extent of the system, but when this war is over a thrilling tale of engineering feats in its construction will remain to be told.

Cruel Words.

"But can't you give me any encouragement at all?" asked the rejected suitor.

"I'm afraid not," replied the heartless beauty. "However, I don't mind telling you that I have refused one or two men who pleased me even less than you do. If you can get any comfort out of that, you are welcome to it."

A Waiting Attitude.

"Have you learned any of the new dances yet?"

"No," replied the man who takes himself seriously. "I've been thinking of trying the Chinese toddle, but I'm waiting to hear how the political situation in China crystallizes. I don't believe in encouraging a country as long as it shows monarchistic tendencies."

Letters and Lauretta

By Dorothy Douglas

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When Lauretta's parents bought the old farmstead in a suburb in Long Island, on the main road to the city, and moved bag and baggage out to it, Lauretta herself was perhaps even more delighted than they were.

Although she was a city girl and fond of city life and music and all the arts, still nature, as revealed in the country, lent much toward completeness in life to her. She loved prowling about lanes and ancient landmarks, and finding out, as far as possible, what kind of people inhabited the regions she explored before she had found her way there. Lauretta had visions of one day becoming a famous writer, and was constantly on the lookout for plots and mysteries to solve. The country, she felt, might afford many possibilities if she just kept her eyes open and her brain from going to seed.

The old farm was more or less dilapidated when the Carsons took possession of it, but the grounds were lovely and the place would in time be a wonderful home.

The small, broken-down mail box that stood on a post at the gate was the first thing that attracted Lauretta's roaming eyes. It was so foreign to anything she had seen in the city that she fell straightway to wondering whether or not the district had free delivery and whether or not that old box was obsolete. Perhaps there were letters in it. Lauretta resolved to make that wooden box one of her first interests. She would have to watch continually to find out if a postman collected from it and whether or not people dropped letters in it. There was no sign to tell if it were or were not still used by the town people. The house was so far from a post office that Lauretta was inclined to think the wooden box on the post at her gate was still a part of the mailing system.

And while Lauretta was wondering about the old box, Jimmy Gains was fretting and fuming because Blanche Markham had answered his letter of love with silence. Six long weeks ago he had mailed that letter while motoring on Long Island. Blanche had given him every reason to suppose that his proposal would meet with an affirmative reply, but—no reply had come.

Perhaps There Were Letters in It.

"Girls are a rummy lot," was Jimmy's comment at the end of the seventh week of silence. In the meantime he decided upon a short trip South in his machine. Perhaps speeding along the country highways would restore his brain to something like its ordinary running order. "She might at least have replied," he told himself, and was glad that he would soon be up at Pittsburgh training for the Officers' corps. "No time for girls, anyway," he decided. Jimmy was fine to look upon, fine as to character and an all-round fine young man. Blanche Markham might still regret her silence."

Lauretta waited each morning at her window to see if anything resembling a postman stopped to collect letters from the box, while Jimmy Gains motored through the country because of a letter that had reposed for seven weeks in the very box that Lauretta watched with so much interest. Strange bits of thread were weaving a quaint pattern for Jimmy and Lauretta. Neither was as yet aware of the other's existence, but the tiny imps of destiny were very, very busy working and planning their way for them.

Lauretta waited for one whole week before she felt justified in looking into the old mail box. The farm was already beginning to look inhabited, and Lauretta's mother and father were happy strolling about the garden one afternoon. Lauretta went out to the roadside, and with a quick jerk dislodged the small box from its ancient resting place on top of the post.

Her heart beat quickly. She felt letters shaking about inside, and felt the coming of much interesting material for her imagination to play with. She took the box to the wide porch and sat on the steps to open it. Lauretta seemed to be opening a tomb or something that was sacred, but she continued nevertheless.

There were some half-dozen letters in the box. Some were of very ancient date, while two had been recently mailed. Apparently there were still people as ignorant as to country mailing systems as she herself was. Evidently motorists had stopped to mail those two letters, thinking they would be collected on the first route of the village mailman.

Lauretta decided to return the letters to the writers rather than to the persons to whom they were written. The address in each case was on the envelope. She thought it would be far better to let the sender know why the letters had not reached their destination, so she wrote a short note with each one telling of the strange way in which the missives had come into her possession. Lauretta hoped all the people were still in the land of the living and that nothing tragic had happened because of the failure of the letters to reach their destinations.

From five of the messages Lauretta received most charming answers. A correspondence began with one of the young men, which later ripened into warm friendship. He had posted his letter while rushing along the highway and had wondered at its fate. He told Lauretta all about it in his reply, but, urged by curiosity regarding the girl who had been interested enough to remail the letters, he stopped to see her the very first time his machine skidded along the Cedar Swamp road.

Lauretta and her parents were all three delighted with Frank Joyce. Lauretta's romantic spirit had produced many such episodes in the Carson household.

They were all four sitting out under the great gnarled apple tree having cooling drinks, when a huge yellow car stopped at the gate.

Lauretta's father went forward to see who the new arrival was. He smiled genially when he discovered the good-looking stranger to be on the same mission as Joyce.

Jimmy Gains glanced swiftly over the group under the apple tree, and approved most decidedly to Lauretta. He cast an unappreciative glance at the recumbent Joyce, and pondered darkly as to his identity.

Lauretta smiled when Jimmy Gains joined the unconventional circle and confided his reasons for coming.

"The letter that I posted in that box," he said, frankly, "was a proposal to a girl. I was mighty upset at getting no reply, and have been dashing all over the country trying to forget the girl."

There was sympathy in Mrs. Carson's motherly expression, but Jimmy's eyes seemed happily forgetful now that they had rested upon Lauretta.

"I wish there had been dozens and dozens of letters more in that box," laughed Lauretta.

"And a couple of dozen cars blocking the highway," Joyce insinuated, and Lauretta had the grace to blush.

Jimmy Gains glowered at Joyce. Jimmy had an odd feeling that Lauretta was going to be the next and last recipient of a proposal from him. Things happened suddenly with Jimmy. Already he had thanked the impe of fate that had failed to give him Blanche Markham. He had known only a passing love for her.

"Well, I am lucky that ignorance led me to posting my letter in your box," Joyce said. "I say, why don't you put the old box back again? You may catch some more messages and have a sort of private mailing system and friendship-maker combined."

"Bright head," laughed Lauretta. "I will put it back at once."

"It is using government property for fraudulent purposes," Jimmy put in, peevishly fearful of whom Lauretta might draw next into her net.

"If this is the result of fraudulent purposes," laughed Joyce, gazing at Lauretta, "may we all become frauds. I'm sorry you're not satisfied, old chap," he added by way of rousing Jimmy's wrath.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson exchanged an amused glance. Lauretta went off in search of the box and more iced tea.

"I am so satisfied," retorted Jimmy, "that I'll bet you I'll be a married army officer before you're even in khaki."

Before further words fell from astonished lips, Lauretta returned.

"The government property is no longer government property. A tiny wren has taken possession of the old mail box, and I haven't the heart to dispossess her. A little bird has saved me from further blocking the highway." She looked mockingly at Jimmy. "Well, has a bomb exploded here?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, grimly, and gazed triumphantly at Joyce, "and I've taken the first enemy trench."

"Go to it, old man," Joyce said. "We don't wear khaki in the navy, nor do we have trenches to take. I'm married, so can't enter the race."

Jimmy found a sudden liking for Joyce. He grinned and extended an apologetic hand. "I fell so suddenly," he confided, and a scant month later told Lauretta of his fall.

Conservation.

"Look here, Dianah," said Binks, as he opened a questionable egg at breakfast, "is this the freshest egg you can find?"

"Naw, suh," replied Dianah. "We've done got a haff dozen laid diss mornin', suh, but de bishop's coming down hyar in September, suh, and we's savin' all de fresh aigs for him, suh."

HE WANTED ONLY BIG GAME

English Warrior Bravely Describes Numerous Encounters With the Ferocious African Beasts.

Once I was talking with one of those gentleman rankers of the old England, who by this time is probably somewhere in France, for he was always looking for trouble where it was thickest, writes a New York Sun war correspondent. He had been away for about three years in the jungles of Africa at that time and was giving a little account of himself.

Among his frank admissions was the story of holding off a band of Ashantees for six days single-handed, while he kept busy with two rifles and a revolver. Also he had got away with a few tons of illicit ivory in the African jungles and had slain six more bull elephants than the law allows. Incidentally he had shot a lion which was charging him and had a hand-to-hand clinch with a gorilla.

He had done things like that before, this harum scarum offscouring. There was nothing at which he ever stopped, being mostly composed of iron nerve and steel muscles. He had a soft, caressing way when he talked, and when he dropped back into civilization he continued to wear the wrist watch with its grimy leather band which he had taken with him through so many adventures in the equatorial wilds.

"Bally effeminate," he observed, "this tickbug, eh? Maybe wrong, old man, but deucedly convenient to squint down at and time the two-horned rhino that happens to be charging a chap, eh, what?"

WAR BREAD CAUSES TROUBLE

Said to Be Responsible for Digestive Disorders Which Are Followed by Eruptions.

Reports of illness through eating war bread are being received from all over the country, and the news that Lord Rhondda has instituted an inquiry into the cause will come as a relief to many, says the Dundee Advertiser.

The bread is said to have given rise to digestive troubles and then eruptions in many districts. This is said to be due to the fact that some bakers are using imported flour, which contains beans and rice—ingredients which are quite unfit for breadmaking. The inclusion of the germ sets free a large percentage of fat which is unsuitable for weak digestions. Then, of course, regulation flour does not possess the keeping properties which wheaten flour does, and this fact again gives rise to disorders.

The gray loaf can never be as palatable as the white one, but it can be made equally digestible and nourishing if the necessary precautions are taken. Still, our bread of today, with all its defects, is not as bad as that which the Parisians had to satisfy their hunger at the time of the siege of Paris, when a quantity of straw was mixed with the flour in order to help eke out the supplies of grain.

Coons and Turkeys.

They are hunting coons in Massachusetts and eating them. They are said to be a fine substitute for turkey—more than a substitute, better. That is all right—they can eat them. Our Pilgrim Fathers can eat all the coon they want. We will take a second helping to turkey, declares a writer in the Columbus State Journal. We try to imagine the eating of coon. We can't do it any more than we can think of eating cat. But hunting coons is different. Here is the process: Take an automobile. Put in guns, dogs, and a companion or two, and then, when far into the country and near a forest, unloose the dogs and send them into the woods. Soon they start to barking vigorously and there is a coon. The papers tell of one party of four starting out after dark, returning at midnight with nine coons. That couldn't be done in Ohio, which is not a primitive state, like Massachusetts. Our coon crop is gone. We are sorry. The coon is a fine animal for coon, but not for meat. John Alden and his merry men are welcome to it.

Gear Wheels Made of Cotton.

Gears are now being made of ordinary cotton which outwear those made from the finest steel. It seems incredible, but it is true, says Popular Science Monthly.

The very hardness of the metal gears causes the teeth surfaces to scrape over each other when they mesh, producing hideous screeches and groans. Everyone of these scrapings means a certain amount of wear.

Teeth made out of compressed cotton yield. They are, therefore, noiseless. Compressed with the metal gears, they are indestructible. To make these fiber gears a large cylinder built up of cotton disks is compressed to but one-sixteenth of its former length!

Cold Comfort.

"I was arguing with a fellow about politics the other day and I'm blest if he didn't advise me to consult an alienist!" exclaimed the contentious man.

"Well! Well!"

"I suppose he thought that a fine piece of sarcasm?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe he meant it."

Always Unusual.

"How do you account for the remarkable weather."

"Haven't tried. To be perfectly frank, I don't believe I recall more than a few months in the past ten or fifteen years when the weather wasn't being described as remarkable."

A New Start

By Evelyn Sanborn Mayo

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"I've turned honest, ma'am, and you've given me a big boost on the way to a decent life by fitting me out so finely."

"I trust so, I believe so," responded Mrs. Morley. "You have a good face and I should feel very sad if I thought you would think of selling those clothes for drink."

"I'm through with the red stuff, ma'am, believe me. I'll be only too glad to feel dressed like a real man, as I once was. I'll do myself proud and straight as a die, to show that I appreciate your kindness."

With the words, Ben Dorkins went on his way, carrying a neat parcel under his arm. It contained a suit of clothes, a hat, shoes, in fact, a complete outfit. Ben had come to the little Morley home about noon, asking for food, a down-at-the-heel tramp. He had offered to work for a meal and had done so, tidying up the back yard and carrying some ashes to the alley, behind the house.

Mrs. Morley gave Ben Dorkins not only a good meal, but half a dollar. Then, noticing his uncouth attire, a sudden impulse swayed her generous spirit.

"Wait," she said, "I just thought of a suit of clothes my husband discarded only two days ago. He is just about your size. Would you like them? They are not much worn, but my husband has a new suit of the same goods."

"Oh, ma'am! that's too much to think of giving an old ragbag like me," but as Mrs. Morley after a brief absence reappeared with the outfit entire, Ben's eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"You can step into the next room, if you like, and put them on," suggested Mrs. Morley, but Ben shook his head vigorously.

"Not I," he dissented strenuously. "I'm bound back for the city and work, which those fine rags will help me get. I'll stop at your barber shop here and get a shave and a hair cut. Then it's me for that pretty river running outside of the village. If you'll put in a piece of soap, please, I'll make my first bath for a month a famous one."

"I'll do that," assented Mrs. Morley, "and there's some collars and a couple of neckties. Do good, won't you, now?" she finished persuasively.

"I'll respect my word, ma'am. You've set me on my pegs right and I'll keep right," pledged Ben Dorkins.

He went on his way rejoicing. He got the shave and haircut, he reached a secluded part of the river course outside of the town, where he was free to disport in the water unseen by others and undisturbed.

"I feel new all over!" jubilated he, as he drew himself erect with pride and satisfaction and kicked his discarded rags into the river. "Now for a fifteen-mile tramp and something better than carrying in coal or begging my grub."

The renovation inspired Ben with distinctly new and worthy aspirations. He more than once glanced down at the trim-fitting suit. He began to practice the erect and manly swing, abandoned into careless sloughing when he fell from the good-breeding manners of former days. It was after dark when Ben reached Faneville, half the compass of his trip citywards.

He had fifteen cents left of the half dollar Mrs. Morley had given him and he invested ten of it in a cup of coffee and some rolls. Then he went down the street, entered a hotel and sat down in an arm chair in its lobby.

It was a truly agreeable situation to have the entree to respectability once more, for no lynx-eyed porter or officious desk clerk resented his presence. The suit was conspicuous, but tasteful, not loud, but it had a certain independent identity. It had originally cost over forty dollars, so its present wearer passed muster as to personal appearance.

Coincidence or fate, Hal Morley had left that very hotel as Ben entered it. Morley had come to Faneville for his bank at his home town, where he was employed. His mission was to meet a wealthy old invalid against whom the bank had a disputed claim of nearly ten thousand dollars. Morley had seen Mr. John Archer about the middle of the afternoon and had gone over the business he had been commissioned to transact. Mr. Archer was in charge of a male nurse and after he and Morley had agreed upon a compromise, directed him to come to the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, when he would adjust the matter finally.

At about half-past seven Morley entered the hotel, saw that he was too early and decided to take a brief stroll to put in the time. Ben Dorkins, luxuriating in the capacious arm chair, had been seated less than five minutes when a young man came down the stairs, seemed to recognize him at a glance and handed him a manilla envelope.

"Mr. Archer has had one of his bad spells," said the newcomer. "He told me to hand you this and have the bank send back the notes. I can't delay, sir. Mr. Archer may be taken worse at any moment," and away sped the speaker, leaving Ben in a half stupified condition.

"Here's a queer go," soliloquized Ben. "Oh, my!" He had removed the band securing the envelope. He stared and thrilled as he noted its contents—bank notes. One of them, he noticed, was of one thousand dollars' denomination. For a flashing instant Ben realized that he had been taken for some one else and entrusted with a small fortune, and a wild temptation crossed his mind. Then, his lips compressed, his chest stood out and he went up to the clerk's desk.

"Is there a Mr. Archer here?" he asked. "I must see him at once."

"Not to be disturbed—he is ill. I'll send for his secretary, if you like."

"Do so, please," replied Ben and he fumbled nervously with one of the hotel cards on a tray, and unconsciously slipped it into his pocket as the same young man who had given the envelope to him appeared.

The latter looked startled and frightened as Ben told his story.

"I mistook you on account of the clothes," stammered Mr. Archer's secretary. "Thank you greatly, sir," and Ben left the hotel in a sort of vague and dissatisfied mood. He had traversed about three squares and had turned into a dark side street, when three men who had followed him since he left the hotel sprang upon him.

Ben was knocked senseless. He came back to consciousness to find himself lying on a couch in the smoking room of the hotel. He caught the words: "We brought him here because all we found on him was one of the hotel cards," and, staring about him, Ben noticed a man wearing a suit that was a prototype of his own—Hal Morley.

"He's the man I gave the envelope to, and who returned it," spoke Mr. Archer's secretary.

"I hope he is not hurt seriously," spoke Morley, in a solicitous tone. "Why, there is only one solution to this mystery. Someone must have been watching out for me to get that money and followed and attacked him, taking him for myself."

The mystery was wholly solved when Ben learned the identity of Hal Morley.

"Blessed little woman!" exclaimed Hal. "But for her generous gift of that suit the bank might have been eight thousand dollars short."

So Ben had to go back with him, and the bank made opulent returns to humble, honest Ben for his bruised head, and when he resumed his journey to the city—riding in a first-class railway coach with the best of them—Nina Morley's pensioner was more fully equipped than ever for his new start in life.

Porterhouse Steak.

The name porterhouse steak originated from a public eating establishment. In the old stagecoach days there was a New York tavern kept by a man named Porter. This place was famous on account of the quality of steaks served to its guests. On one occasion the innkeeper, to satisfy the demand of a certain traveler, produced a piece of sirloin and served it to his guest—his supply of regular steaks being exhausted. When cooked and served, the traveler found it remarkably good eating, and in a short time its fame spread and it was named for the tavern and its proprietor, "Porterhouse" steak. Prior to that time, this cut, which comes from between the sirloin and the tenderloin, had been used only for roasting.

The Dividing Line.

Hardly an impression, opinion, or action is possible to us that is not influenced and directed by fixed conditions within ourselves—habits. We should all strive to get the habit of making the most of our every-day tasks, and it would soon become second nature to do everything so well that in the end we would be sure to win prominence through it. The dividing line between efficiency and inefficiency is largely right here, and none of these habits too small to be worth attention. It seems that we cannot escape being controlled by them, but we have free choice between the habits that are good and helpful and habits that are bad and harmful.—Exchange.

Both Die for Love.

A sad sequel followed a thwarted love affair at Tarumi, Japan. A young man suffered from heart trouble, and went to a home to undergo treatment. Here he met, fell in love with, and became engaged to a girl, but without the knowledge of either his or her parents. When the young people's relations were discovered by the parents, both families strongly opposed the proposed marriage, and made every effort to prevent further meetings. The attitude of the parents so upset the young people that the girl became ill and died. On learning of this the young man became deeply depressed, and finally left his home and committed suicide

Original Anyhow.

Macaulay said of Horace Walpole: "His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations; his features were covered by masks within masks. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man." Thackeray observed of the letters: "Fiddles sing all through them; wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages glitter and sparkle there." But there is much in the great correspondent of Strawberry Hill besides whim and gimcrackery, as a few sentences chosen almost at random from his letters will show. His views are distinctly his own.

WANTED: A COOK

By Raymond Maxwell

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Julia and Arthur Van Tyne entered the holy estate of matrimony with high ideals. During their engagement they passed many happy evenings arranging the details of their future home.

The servants were to be treated with a firm but mild kindness which was to reduce them to a condition of loving submission. Julia said that it would be very pleasant to be served always by the same faithful creatures, and she even went so far as to imagine Arthur's funeral when his bier would be surrounded by a group of white-haired servitors who would sob that they had lived with "Master" for 45 years. Arthur answered that if the servants did stay for 45 years that they would be most likely to call him "the old man," yet he was pleased with the idea. He was also to have the privilege of bringing home company whenever he wished. His wife would receive them with a smile and then they were all to sit down to a simple, though perfect dinner.

The Van Tyne's built a pretty little houses with every modern convenience to add to the burden of their existence. They had steam heat, electric lights, stationary tubs, dumb waiters, soiled clothes chutes, telephone, burglar alarms at every window, hard wood floors, patent ventilators, and every other thing that the architect's fertile mind could suggest. When the house was finished and furnished their friends called it a "little paradise." None inquired after the serpent, but she was there—or rather not there most of the time. Her place was in the kitchen. The serpent was nominally known as the cook.

The first cook stayed two weeks, then quarreled with the second girl and departed. Another cook came, lingered for five brief days and then left because she said "thim convaniences wud set her crazy inside of a month." Then cook after cook passed through the Van Tyne kitchen, pausing only long enough to kindle hope in the heart of Mrs. Van Tyne and then quench it.

When the little Van Tynes began to come to live with their parents the question became even graver. If the fourth little Van Tyne had been a raging lion instead of a sweet, pink baby, he could not have caused more misery. He made his mother lose a "jewel" who had been with her for over four months and who had promised to stay forever if Mrs. Van Tyne would have a new porcelain lined sink put in the kitchen.

Arthur Van Tyne became a past master in the wording of alluring and misleading advertisements. He said that he expected to be arrested at any moment for obtaining cooks under false pretenses, but he gave full reign to his imagination. He always spoke of his family as "rather large, but quiet and easily pleased," while as a matter of fact the young Van Tynes were small but lively. He knew to his misery now that "plain cooking" meant the ability to boil potatoes, fry a beefsteak and make weak tea, yet he always put it in his advertisement as a bait.

Then after he had spent a small fortune in "ads," he turned to employment agencies. One day while haunting the agency of Mrs. Sarah B. Hackett, he found a cook who said she could really cook and didn't object to small children. She went home with him and put on her apron. The Van Tynes found that she could cook and then they waited patiently to learn her infirmity—for by this time they had learned that no cook is perfect. They found out that first evening.

The weird, long drawn notes of an accordion came floating in from the kitchen. The Van Tynes looked at each other and smiled. In his rash youth Arthur Van Tyne had said that he would never tolerate an accordion in his house, but now he only grinned foolishly as he listened to "The Georgia Camp Meeting."

The cook played the accordion in all her leisure hours, but the Van Tynes were too meek now to hint that they preferred another instrument. In this lull Van Tyne wrote to his parents, asking them to pay him a visit. "I want you to see our babies," he wrote, "so hurry up and come while we've got a cook."

A day or two before he expected them, Mrs. Van Tyne ventured to tell the cook. When she returned to the library she said: "We can't have your father and mother just now, Arthur."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Cook says that she doesn't like people staying in the house. She don't object to 'mealers' once in a while, but she won't have 'sleepers,' because it makes so much fuss at breakfast."

Van Tyne said something behind his hand, then added, "I suppose I'll have to telegraph them not to come. We can say we think Minnie's coming down with some disease, for I don't want to hurt their feelings. And it won't be any lie, either, for she'll catch something before the telegram's delivered."

"Minnie's had everything but the Spanish measles and the small pox," her mother answered with sorrowful pride.

"I thought she had had all three kinds of measles," Van Tyne said. "But there are four kinds—red, black, Spanish and German. I do hope that all the children will have the last kind this winter, then we will be through."

"Then Minnie will invent a new kind herself. She won't ever be satisfied if she doesn't have some kind of a rash," Van Tyne answered. "Between the children being sick and our servants my life isn't worth living any more."

But for a time all went well again. Then a month later Mrs. Van Tyne met her husband at the front door as he came home to dinner. She made a tragic gesture. "She is going to leave us, Arthur." "She" in the Van Tyne house always meant the reigning cook. "She has given me a week's notice. With so many children we'll never get another."

"We might murder the children and hide the bodies down cellar," Van Tyne suggested. "We could tell the neighbors that we had sent 'em out to the country."

"Arthur, how can you joke on such a subject? What can we do?"

"We might try boarding," he said, rattling some loose change in his pocket.

Mrs. Van Tyne frowned. "If we board, the children will get pert and horrid. I hate boarding house children. We shan't board."

"Then we might get a divorce and then I could marry the cook and make a home for the children. How does that strike you?"

"Arthur, I think you are horrid tonight. I'm sure we've always been happy together even if we have had troubles with the servants," his wife said. "You might think of some plan, I think."

"That's the only one I can think of now," he answered, as he went up stairs.

Mrs. Van Tyne went into the library and laid down on the couch. She cried a little for she found that even Arthur was rather unfeeling, too, today. Her head ached and her thoughts seemed to waver.

She could never remember exactly how the divorce was gotten, for her head seemed to ache always now, but she knew that she suffered horribly when she had to leave her children and her ex-husband. She kissed the children all around twice and told them never to forget her. The baby cried to go with her, but she unwound his little arms from about her neck and turned to Arthur. She only gave him a slight pressure of the hand for the cook was watching them from the dining room door. Arthur had never looked more dear to her than at this moment, but he only said carelessly: "Come and take dinner with us some day—any day after tomorrow. You know tomorrow is our wedding day," and he smiled at the cook.

The cook was dressed in a gown of blue and red plaid and she carried her accordion under one arm.

In some way poor Mrs. Van Tyne stumbled out to her cab. It was very bitter giving up husband and children, so they could have a home and some one to cook for them. But the hardest trial was yet to come. After some time had passed, she met Arthur one day coming out of an employment agency. He looked careworn and seedy and tried to avoid his ex-wife. But she caught his arm. "Why have you been in there?" she cried, pointing at the agency.

"To get a cook," he stammered, looking down at his rusty shoes.

"To get a cook—you married the cook!"

"Yes, I know," he answered. "But after we were married she said she was a lady because she had married a gentleman, and so of course she couldn't keep on cooking. I couldn't deny that I was a gentleman, so you see she had me. Logical, wasn't she?" He smiled drearily. "Besides, she is learning the banjo now, and that takes up a good deal of her time."

"How do you live then?"

"We are 'mealers' at the restaurant on Chestnut street."

"Has the baby cut any more teeth? Does he chew on his rubber ring?" she asked.

"I saw him chewing at the poker yesterday," Van Tyne answered, as he walked away.

She looked after him. He stooped a bit as he walked and had quite lost his alert, prosperous air. She felt that all her sacrifices had been in vain. "And I don't suppose any of the children have on their winter flannels yet or—"

"Wake up—dinner is ready!" Somebody was shaking her shoulder. "Did I act like a brute?" somebody was saying. She opened her eyes. It was Arthur.

"Aren't we divorced?" she asked.

"Don't think so. Oh, I know what you mean—the cook."

Mrs. Van Tyne took hold of her husband's arm. "I had such a horrible dream about you and the cook being married and the baby's teeth. I can't get over it."

While the second girl was passing the soup the glad strains of the accordion came up from the kitchen by way of the dumb waiter. "Katie seems happy tonight," Van Tyne said.

"Her beau has come back from Iowa," the second girl answered. "He wants her to be married as soon as her week's up. He was the one that learned her to play so nice on the accordion."

Mrs. Van Tyne smiled—if she had only known about the beau from Iowa before the dream. "We must give her a wedding present," she said in her relief to find that dreams are not real.

"Yes," Van Tyne replied with a grin. "We'll get her a red silk plaited accordion set with mother of pearl with 'It is more Blessed to Give than to Receive' engraved on the plate."

Affects Newspaper Subscribers

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscriptions to run along for any length of time unpaid and then orders it to be discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused" and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft. It will be seen from this that not owning property does not excuse a man from the payment of the debt that he owes a newspaper publisher. The man who refuses to pay such a debt, thinking to escape paying because he has no property that can be levied on by a constable, justice of the peace or sheriff, is liable to a criminal prosecution on the charge of willful fraud and may find himself in serious trouble.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price $1 00.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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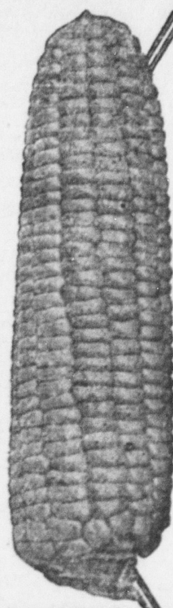
SEVEN BARKS
a Sure and Safe Remedy for
DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.
Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn



A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

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Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

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RENTS COLLECTED

Remember the Red Cross this Christmas season. Will you help a little to give some hungry child a brighter day?

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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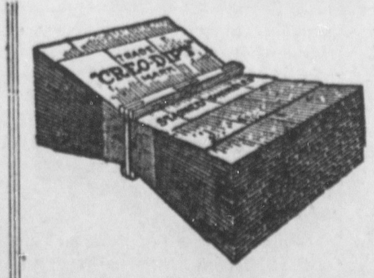

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Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

Call, Write or phone for information
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P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Buy your Oleo at Gross Bros.—5 pounds for $1.50.

Kodaks at prices within the reach of all—Green's Pharmacy.

The Titan Metal Co., of Bellefonte, has placed an auto truck on the road.

Billy Sunday's son George has joined the American fighters in France. Billy says: "I am proud that my son is anxious to serve his country."

Henry Miller, of Bellefonte, is the new man who is assisting in the local Adams express office. "Henny" is all O. K., and will make a good man on the job.

Thomas Stiles, of Tyrone, who was known to a number of Bellefonte people, died Friday night. He was the popular manager of the Wilson theatre at that place.

Thomas Shaughnessy, Jr., the popular glass blower, is again in our midst. He is one of the Bellefonte fellows who stuck to the trade which to-day is yielding him good money.

There was a rumor on the streets of Bellefonte Tuesday that M. I. Gardner had resigned his position with the Hyde Iron Co., near Clearfield. The report has not been confirmed.

Lewisburg High School's fast football team played rings around the team from the State College High School on the Bucknell campus last Thursday afternoon. The final score was 27-0

Fred Topelt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been at death's door for several weeks has recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital. He is the husband of Miss Bessie Brouse, of Bellefonte.

The basketball season will open in the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. to-morrow (Friday) evening at 8 15 o'clock. The contending teams will be the Jersey Shore Athletic Club and the Academy team. Admission 25 cents.

The story put in circulation that Frank Alfred Wendt, of Altoona, who was electrocuted on Monday morning attempted suicide in the Western penitentiary Saturday by biting his wrist for the purpose of bleeding to death is incorrect.

The basket Shop will hold a Christmas Sale, December 15th to December 22nd, inclusive, in the State Centre Electric Store, High Street, Bellefonte. Baskets at reasonable prices. Stuffed animals and rag dolls. Shopping Basket—special at $1.50.

Judge Orvis and wife recently returned from Washington, D. C., where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gray, the latter being quite ill. Monday Mrs. William Gray, mother of Mr. Gray, left for the National Capitol to visit her son and to look after his wife who is improving.

Among the visitors in Bellefonte over Thanksgiving was John Yocum, a prominent citizen and business man, of Orange, N. J. He is the son of the late Hon. Seth H. Yocum, formerly of Bellefonte, who resided in the residence now occupied by George Fury, on the way to Milesburg. He is a nephew of Dr. Ezra H. Yocum, pastor of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Ed. C. Griest, of Philipsburg, has been giving her family and friends very deep concern the past couple of weeks on account of her very serious condition. A little change for the better, however, has been noticed and it is earnestly hoped she may speedily recover. Mrs. Griest has many friends at Unionville and at one time resided in Bellefonte.

Some kind friend at Camp Hancock sent to this office a copy of the paper entitled "Trench and Camp." In looking over its well edited pages we found where Prof. Irvin Foster, of State College had left the camp and returned to the College again to take up his work. He had been engaged in teaching French to the officers of the 111th regiment and it was with deep regret they saw him take his departure.

St. John's Church (Episcopal) Services beginning Dec. 9: The Second Sunday in Advent, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "Our Lord's Second Coming." 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "The Holy Bible". Friday, a day of special devotion for the Parish, 7.30 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 12 noon, a ten-minute service of intercessions for the coming of God's Kingdom and for the peace of the world. 7.30 p. m. The Litany, with an instruction on "The Four Last Things". Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

Paul Haag, of Troop L, of Bellefonte, arrived home Tuesday evening from Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Sunday evening Marshall Cook, son of Charles F. Cook, located at Camp Dix, a National Cantonment, at Wrightstown, N. J., Harold M. Kerstetter, son of Amon M. Kerstetter, of Pleasant Gap, a member of the 12th Aero Sqadron at Hempstead, N. J., after a short furlough returned to their respective camps Sunday. Fred Witmer, of the United States Arsenal at Rock Island, Ill., arrived in Bellefonte Saturday on a short furlough. Calvin Rice, a member of Troop L, Camp Hancock, has also been home on a short furlough. Russel Whiting, son of Harry Whiting, formerly of this place, located at Allentown, member of the Hospital Corps, was a recent visitor in Bellefonte. Harrison Kline who is stationed at Quantico, Va., was home on a short furlough last week.

There is nothing nicer or more acceptable as a Christmas gift than a Kodak—Green's Pharmacy.

Monday morning four incorrigible prisoners were taken from the Rockview penitentiary to the Western penitentiary at Pittsbugh.

Mrs. Joseph Ceader, of Bellefonte, became quite ill Friday but since then a change has come for the better and she is now getting along nicely.

Charles R. Kurtz, surveyor of the Port, at Philadelphia, after spending about one week in Bellefonte, left for the City of Brotherly Love Wednesday.

L. R. Poorman and wife, of Huntingdon, arrived in Bellefonte Monday to visit the former's mother in Coleville. Mr. Poorman is one of the instructors at the reformatory.

Mrs. Louisa Harris, who had been spending part of the summer and fall with her daughter in Chicago and other friends in the west, returned to Bellefonte Monday afternoon.

John Snyder, a young brakeman on the P. R. R. had the misfortune of having his leg cut off while at work in the yard at Osceola. He was taken to the Cottage hospital, Philipsburg.

Daniel Hutchinson, son of Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, of Kane, who is a student at State College, eat his Thanksgiving turkey with had grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson, in Bellefonte.

The Aid Society of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church will hold its apron and food sale on Thursday afternoon, December 13th, at 2 o'clock. Those who are making aprons or other articles will please hand them in as soon as convenient.

William McClellan, the faithful attache of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania Railroad Co., left Bellefonte for Altoona for a short visit Saturday. "Bill" has been pretty faithful to his task and when he goes away on the train it is something very unusual.

G. G. Fink, of Martha, ex treasurer of Centre County, was a business visitor in Bellefonte Saturday. He is one of the fellows who takes life as it comes and thus he has the appearance of perfect health which is the greatest blessing that man can possess.

John G. Love Jr., of Bellefonte, who has been taking a law course at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, has joined the base hospital unit at that institution which almost any day may be called to cross the ocean to France. He has made every preparation to make the trip.

For the past year Dr. J. C. Helfrich, of Bellefonte, has been making an effort to get into some branch of Uncle Sam's army but on account of defective eyesight he has been set aside a couple of times. On Monday of this week he went to Washington, D. C., to make another effort.

Miss Jeannette Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Johnston, of Beaver Falls, came to Bellefonte Thanksgiving and remained until Sunday afternoon as a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. J. A. Aikens. She is quite well known here and her friends were glad to see her.

Sunday evening Robert Roan, of Bellefonte, left here for State College with four or five passengers in his overland car. When he reached Prossertown, about a mile from town, he found that the ball bearings in the left front wheel were cut to pieces. The only thing left was to wait for Emerick's bus and transfer the passengers.

Next Sabbath morning Miss Eleanor Wallace Maconaghie will occupy the pulpit in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church. For eight years she had been a medical missionary in Punjab, India, and her talk will be "India and the War." Very likely she will refer to her exciting and eventful experience while among the German mines as she attempted to cross the ocean to the United States, which will be exceedingly interesting.

For a week Norman Wright, of Bellefonte, had been entertaining his mother and sister, Miss Lena Wright. Friday afternoon his father, A. B. Wright, appeared on the scene and they had a little family reunion. Saturday morning Norman left Bellefonte in an automobile accompanied by his parents and sister for Newport, Perry county, the home of the latter. It is sixty-six miles and he made the run in a little over two hours.

Dr. Daniel P. Gerberich, a relative of C. T. Gerberich, of Bellefonte, died at Lebanon at noon Friday from a complication of diseases after a long and extended illness. He was 62 years of age and in 1900 was elected to the state senate from Lebanon county. During his second term he was chosen president pro-tem of the senate and won state-wide prominence for his campaign against food adulteration.

As stated last week Francis Thomas, of Fort Niagara, has been here on a furlough to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas. He was recently advanced to Provisional Lieutenant of the 3rd Regiment, United States artillery, and on the 15th of this month will report at Fort Meyer, near Washington, D. C. All appointments in the United States army start with second lieutenant and from there advancements are made. This is one of the older regiments and the promotion is certainly quite an honor for such a young man as Lieut. Thomas to receive.

Give him a Kodak for Christmas—Green's Pharmacy.

Friday William H. Garris, of State College, left for Williamsport where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Hazel, mother of George and Thomas Hazel, left Bellefonte Saturday to visit friends in Williamsport.

Friday afternoon Mrs. John Nighthart and her daughter, Margaret, left for Lewistown to spend several days with friends.

C. M. McCurdy, president of the Bellefonte First National bank, went to Philadelphia Wednesday morning on financial business.

Daniel Eberhart, of Bellefonte, was 84 years of age on last Thursday (Thanksgiving). He is a remarkable man for his age and is around as usual.

Gabriel Good, ex-county commissioner of Somerset county, spent two weeks in Bellefonte as the guest of his son, post-office clerk, G N. Good, on east Bishop street. He left for home Sunday.

Luther Crissman, of Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., surprised his friends in Bellefonte by arriving on the 8.10 train Wednesday evening. He is recovering nicely from his operation for appendicitis.

Eugen Weik, the progressive principal of the Bellefonte High School, is thinking seriously of joining the aviation corps and may leave some time next week. He is doing excellent work here and there is little doubt but that he will be just as efficient in the air.

James Morrison, Elmer Rockey and Ellis Hines left Bellefonte today (Thursday) for Williamsport to join the navy. Walter Crytzer, clerk at the Garman House left Wednesday for Philadelphia to join the aviation corps. Paul Seanor has joined the aviation corps and it is probable that Harry Ruhl will have charge of his store.

Saturday William Walker, the progressive Bellefonte fish dealer, showed 'em how to sell fish. He sold five pounds for a quarter and in less than two hours he disposed of two hundred pounds. The people came from every point of the compass and "Billy" was busy as a nailer. It was certainly a good thing as there are hosts of people in Bellefonte who have many meatless days because meat is entirely out of the question.

Jacob Snyder, employed at the P. R. R freight station, Bellefonte, is always wanting to make somebody happy and so the other day made the rounds among the local employes of the company and raised $20 with which to purchase an electric lamp for Col. Emanuel Noll who recently retired from the service. When Dave Barlett, of Bellefonte, retired $30 in gold was raised for him in the same manner. Who is the next man to profit in this way? It was done in a kindly spirit and received in the same way.

G. Willard Hall, who for the last three weeks had been quite ill at the residence of Ralph Spigelmyer, on Spring Street, left for Harrisburg Tuesday afternoon. His appearance indicated he was going to work a little too soon but he will come out all right. He was accompanied by his wife. He is employed in the Labor Department and it may be that his services will not be needed until next Monday. If that is the case he will get several days more rest which certainly would come in very nice.

Milon Walker, son of Mr. and W. Miles Walker, and Robert Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Walker, who are in the service of Uncle Same came up from Philadelphia to take their Thanksgiving dinner with their parents in Bellefonte. Milon was here on a forty-eight hour furlough while Robert has been spending a week here. It has been said that these young men belong to the Officers Reserve which is a mistake. They are rendering service as clerks and are paid a salary from which they pay their own boarding. If they desire they can enlist and may do that before December 15th. Hassel Montgomery is in the same boat. He is in the government clothing department.

CHANGES AT P. R. R STATION

With the Retirement of Col. Noll Joseph Undercofler is Promoted.

After a period of over 36 years as baggagemaster at the P. R. R. passenger station, Bellefonte, Col. Emanuel Noll retired on December 1st and was placed on the retired list of the company. He has been faithful to his trust and thus he is deserving of the future comforts of life that his retirement may bring to him. Everybody who has come in touch with him during these years wish him further extension of life and prosperity.

The retirement of Mr. Noll brings with it several changes at the baggage room which will be approved by the traveling public. Joseph Undercofler, who for years has been the genial assistant, has been promoted to Mr. Noll's former position. This is a deserving advancement because "Joe" has been on duty in season and out of season. He has been courteous and always exact in doing business. Nobody ever draws anything over on him if he knows it, and yet everybody is his friend. It is to be hoped that some day he, too, will sit down and smoke his pipe of peace. Thomas Lamb has been promoted to Mr. Undercofler's place as an assistant. "Tommy" is a good fellow and he is "Johnny on the spot" when there is anything for him to do. He is obliging and thus has found favor with the traveling public. William Klinger, of Bellefonte, has been chosen to take the place of Mr. Lamb. He is a young man who will soon get his hand in and render the best of service.

Arrested for Desertion.

Friday Mr. and Mrs. John M Sollis, of Clarence, were in Bellefonte, and before Mr. Sollis left the town she had him arrested for desertion and non support. He was taken before Squire Kline Woodring who on the evidence placed him under bail of $500 for his appearance at the next term of court.

Fire in Petriken Hall.

Last Thursday the residents of Petriken Hall were alarmed by the smell of smoke. In the cellar, near the heating plant, was found a portion of waste that had caught fire from combustion. No damage was done.

"Bringing Up Father Abroad."

Cancel all your gloom dates and put on your laughing duds. "Jiggs" Mahoney, the uproarious little Irishman of the George McManus comic cartoons will be at Garman's opera house Saturday afternoon and evening in a new set of antics entitled, "Bringing Up Father Abroad." Reports from everywhere say it is the funniest of all fun shows, the tuniest of all melody productions, and the gayest of all droll pieces in it's girly and principal ensembles.

"Jiggs" abroad, means "Jiggs" in Ireland, with Mrs. "Jiggs," also "Jiggs" crony, "Dinty" Moore, and other of the Mahoney following and family. This is an attraction that comes to Bellefonte highly recommended and it is a side splitter from the time the curtin goes up until the end. Matinee prices in the afternoon at 2 30 o'clock are 35 and 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. Evening 35, 50, 75 cents and $1.

Advertise in the Republican.

"Out of Work, Old Man?"
"But the Money Comes In"

JUST THE SAME!"

Takes more than a compound fracture to put you out of the running, when you've an ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY.

Any time any accident comes along, your ÆTNA steps right in and becomes the wage-earner for your family—

With $25 or $50 a week for total disability, according to the nature of the accident; and $12.50 or $25 for partial disability. Payable every four weeks.

If you don't think it comes in fine, just ask my wife. She almost went to pieces until I told her I'd had the good sense to

ÆTNA-IZE

We'd have been up against it for fair. You can't hold off the landlord and the grocer and butcher forever, you know. And I'd hate like sin to have the wife try to earn our living.

As it is, we've wanted for nothing, and the ÆTNA paid my surgeon's bill in the bargain. If I'd gone to the hospital, it would have paid the charges for me there.

In fact, I've gotten such big return, that it's almost a shame to tell how little I pay for the policy.

Take my tip, and get all the facts today from

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

"Send him a photograph."—Maney Studio.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Place Your Order Now For
Christmas Candies

We have a big line of mixed candies and chocolates, also a fine assortment of nuts, oranges and fancy groceries.

Special prices given to Schools and Sunday Schools

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